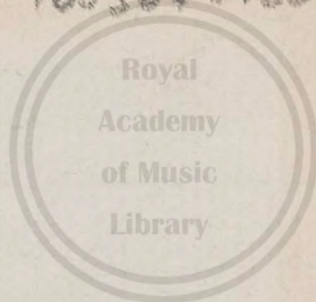


160342.1001





TENOR.

THE SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

TO

3. 4. 5. and 6. parts,
apt both for Voyals and
Voyces.

Newly Composed
BY
JOHN WILBYE.



LONDON:

Printed by *Tho. Este alias Snodham*, for *John
Browne*, and are to be sould at his shop in
S. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreet.



TO THE MOST NOBLE and Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Arbella Stuart.*



Madame.



THE deepe vnderstanding you haue in all the Arts, and perticular excellency in this of Musicke, doth by a certaine kinde of right, challenge the Dedication of the better sort of Labours in that Facultie; especially in these times when Musicke sits solitary among her sister Sciences, and (but for your Honour) often wants the fortune to be esteemed (for so shee is worthy) euen among the worthiest. But besides that generall right, my true and zealous deuotion long since desirous to expresse it selfe in any humble dutie to your Honour, and borne up by the daily experience of your most Noble and singular disposition, hath neuer thought vpon other Patron for this work, then your Honour, whose neuer-failing Iudgement in the depth of Musicke, I do wish might be pleased with some of these; which happinesse if they attaine, I know not what iudgement can avow to mislike them. Howsoeuer they behaue themselves, I humbly beseech your Honour, to beleue this truth; that they are the sincere oblations of a heart euer prepared for your seruice. And so with all humble and due reuerence done to your Honour, I beseech the Almighty to make you in all the passages of your life truely happy, as you are in the worlds true opinion vertuous.

Your Honours most humbly

deuoted and obliged:

JOHN WILBYE.

THE TABLE.



Songs to 3. Voyces.

Come shepheard Swaynes that wont to heare me sing.
 Flourish yee hillockes set with fragrant flowers.
 Ah, cruell *Amarillis* since thou takst delight.
 So light is Loue in matchlesse beautie shining.
 As fayre as Morne, as fresh as May.
 O what shall I doe, or whither shall I turne me?
 I liue, and yet me thinks I doe not breath.
 There is a Jewell which no Indian Mines can buy.

Risposta.

I
II
III
IIII
V
VI
VII
VIII

Songs to 4. Voyces.

When *Cloris* heard of her *Amintas* dying.
 Happy streames whose trembling fall.
 Change me O heauens into the Ruby stone.
 Loue not me for comely grace.
 Fly not so swift my Deere.
 I loue alas, yet am not loued.
 As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues.
 Happy, oh happy he who not affecting.

IX
X
XI
XII
XIII
XIIII
XV
XVI

Songs to 5. Voyces.

Sweet hony sucking Bees.
 Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.
 All pleasure is of this condition.
 Oft haue I vowde how deerly I did loue thee.
 Downe in a valley as *Alexis* trips.
 Hard Destinies are Loue and Beautie parted?
 Weepe O mine eyes, my heart can take no rest.
 There where I saw her louely beautie painted.
 Yee that doe liue in pleasures plenty.
 A silly Siluan kissing heauen-borne fire.

First Part.

Second part.

First Part.

Second Part.

XVII
XVIII
XIX
XX
XXI
XXII
XXIII
XXIIII
XXV
XXVI

Songs to 6. Voyces.

O Wretched man why lou'st thou earthly life?
 Where most my thought,
 Displeightfull thus vnto my selfe I languish.
 Ah cannot fighes, nor teares.
 Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares.
 Stay *Coridon* thou Swaine.
 Softly, O softly drop mine eyes.
 Long haue I made these hils and vallies weary.

First Part.

Second Part.

XXVII
XXVIII
XXIX
XXX
XXXI
XXXII
XXXIII
XXXIIII

FINIS.

TENOR.

THE SECOND SET
OF
MADRIGALES

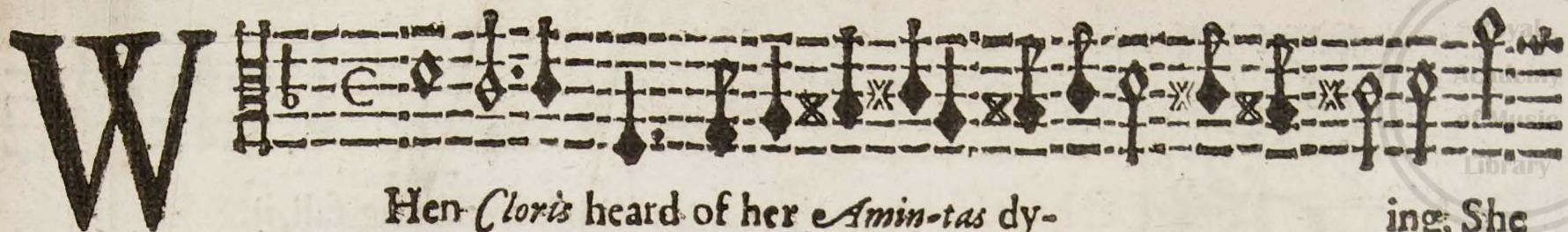
TO
3. 4. 5. and 6. parts,
apt both for Voyals and
Voyses.

Newly Composed
BY
JOHN WILBYE.



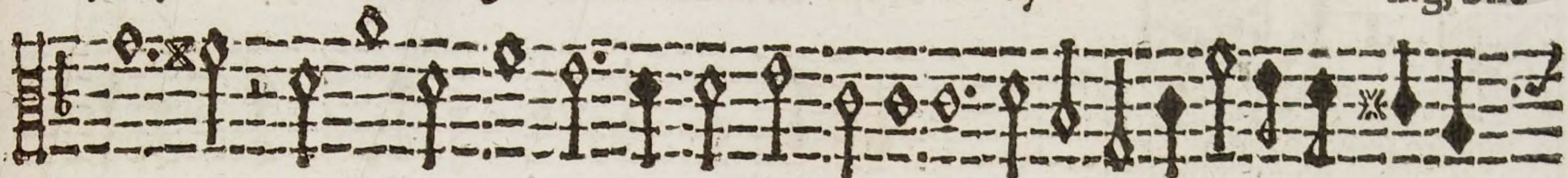
LONDON:
Printed by Tho. Este alias Snodham, for Iohn
Browne, and are to be sould at his shop in
S. Dunstones Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

Royal
Academy
of Music
Library



Hen *Cloris* heard of her *Amin-tas* dy-

ing, She

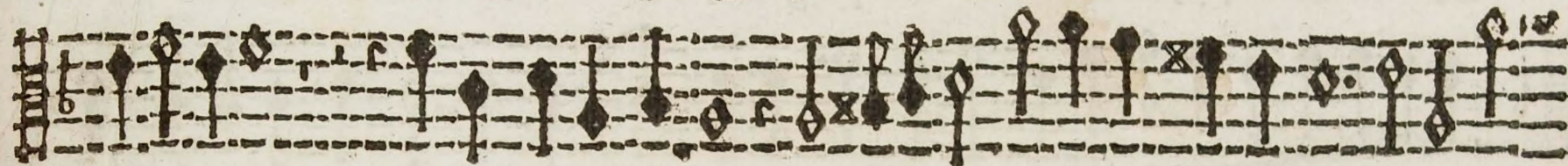


grieved, she grieved then for her vnkinde denying, ij.



Oft sighing, oft sighing, ij.

fore and with a hart



vnfay-ned,

I dye, I dye, I dye,

I

dye, ij.

I dye, I



dye, I dye she thus complayned, Whom when *Amin-tas* spyed, then both for



ioy out cryed,

I loue, I loue sweet *Cloris* eye, ij.



And I *A. min-*

tas till I

dye.



Appy streames whose trembling fall, ij.



with still murmure soft- ly



gly- ding, Happy Birds whose chirping call, ij. with sweet



melody delight- ing, Hath mou'd her flin-tie and relentlesse hart



and re- lentlesse hart to li- sten to your harmo- ny, in-



chan- ted with, ij. your melody, inchan- ted

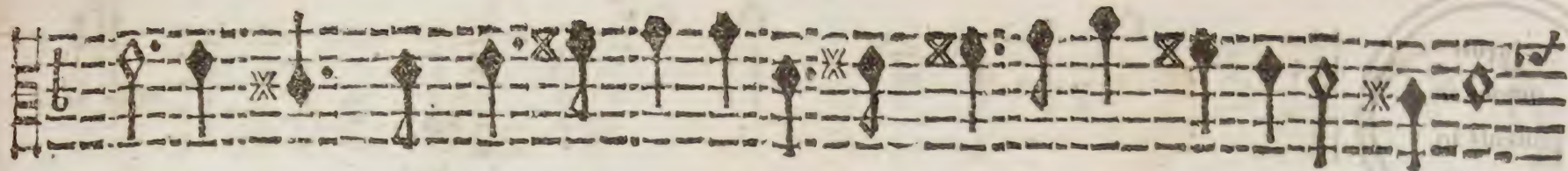


with your me- lody, Sing on and carroll forth your glee, sing on,

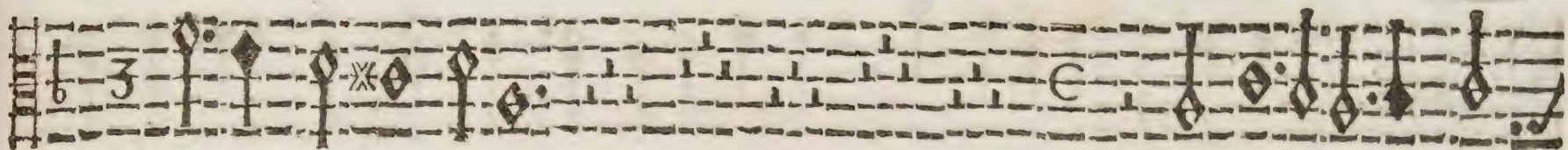


ij.

She graunts you leaue her rayes to see, her rayes to

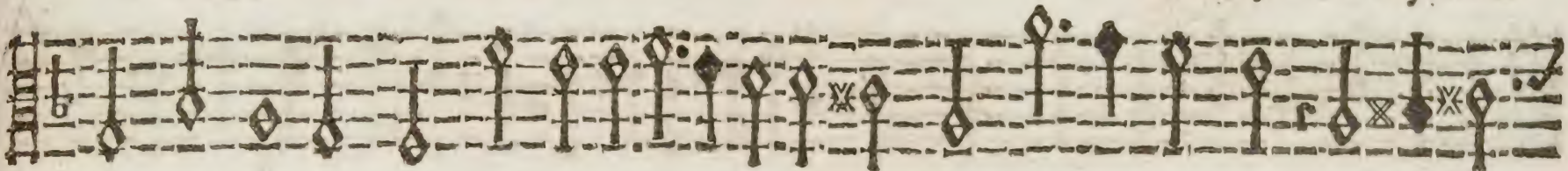


see, She graunts you leaue her rayes to see, ij.



Happy were I, were I,

But aye alas my loue

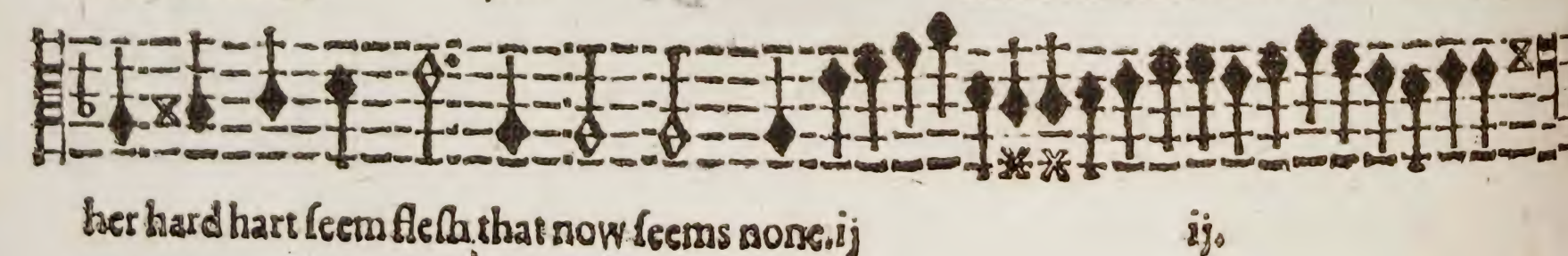
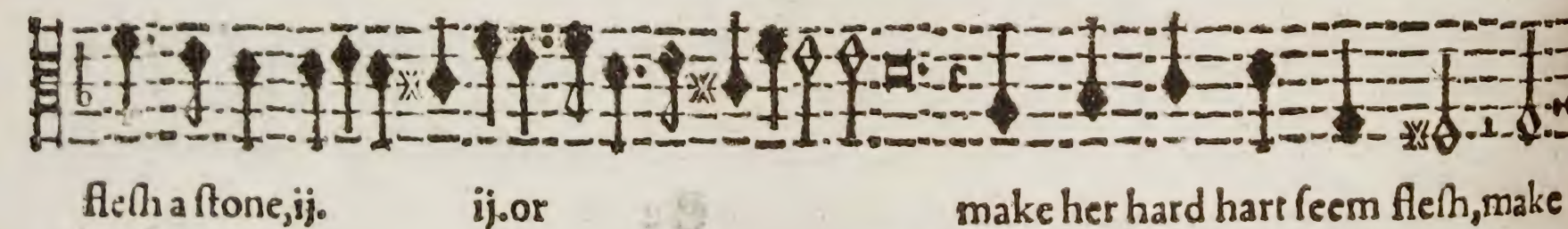
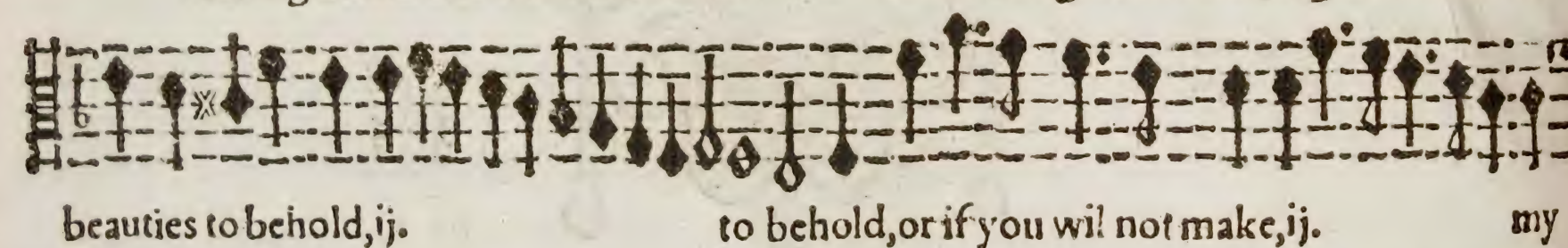
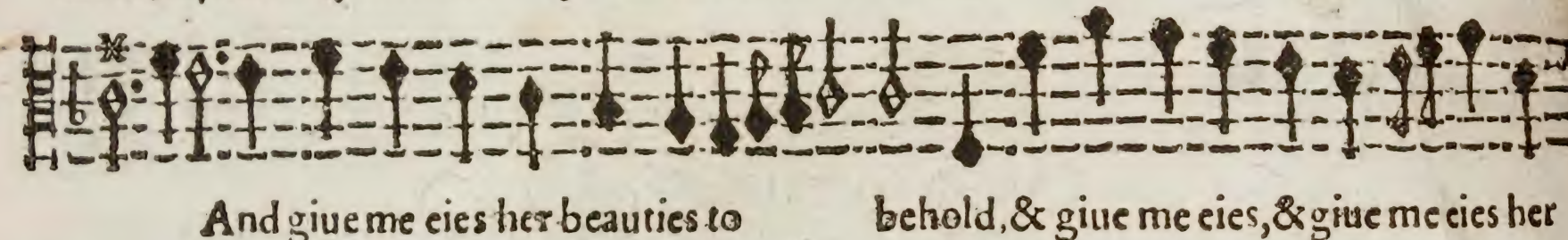
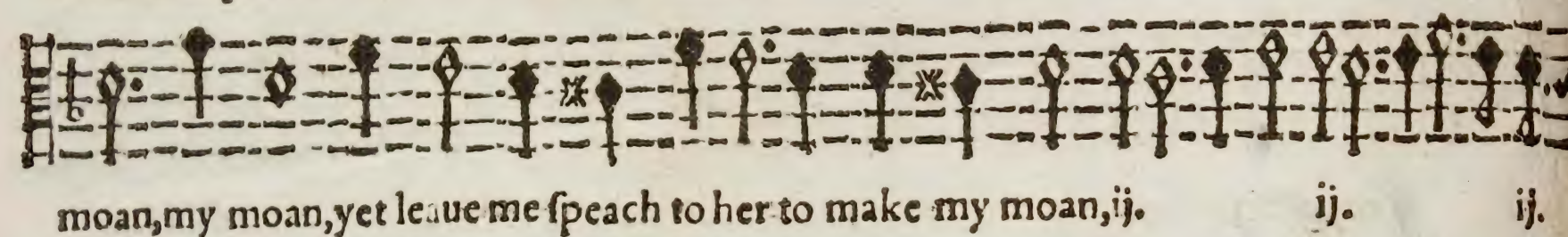
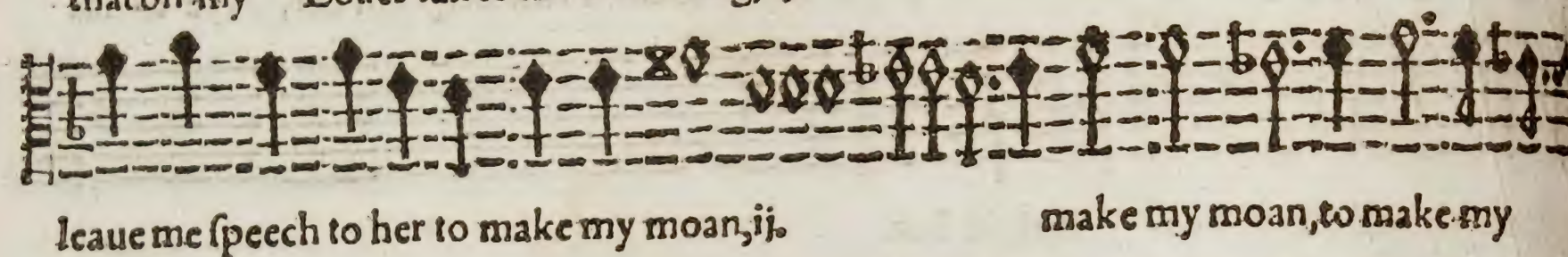
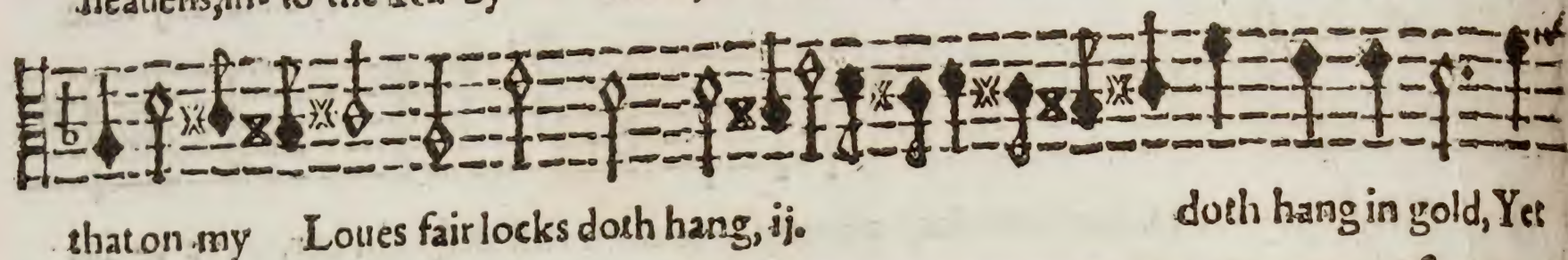
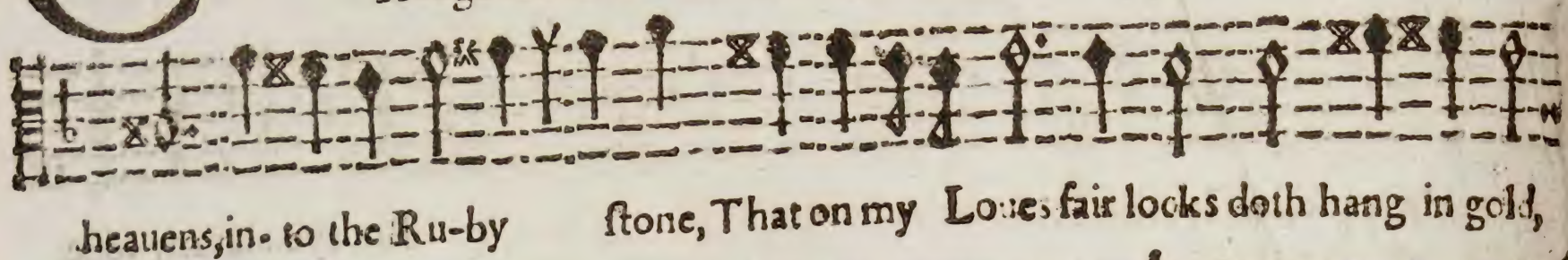
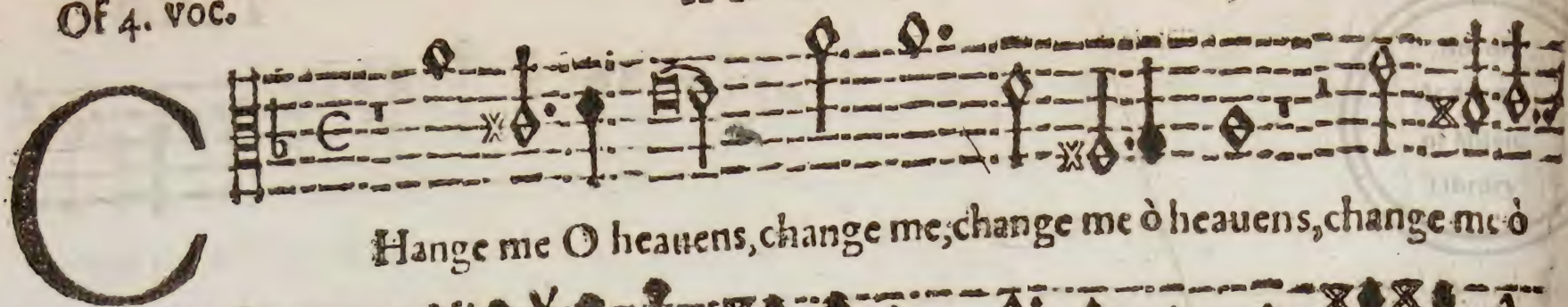


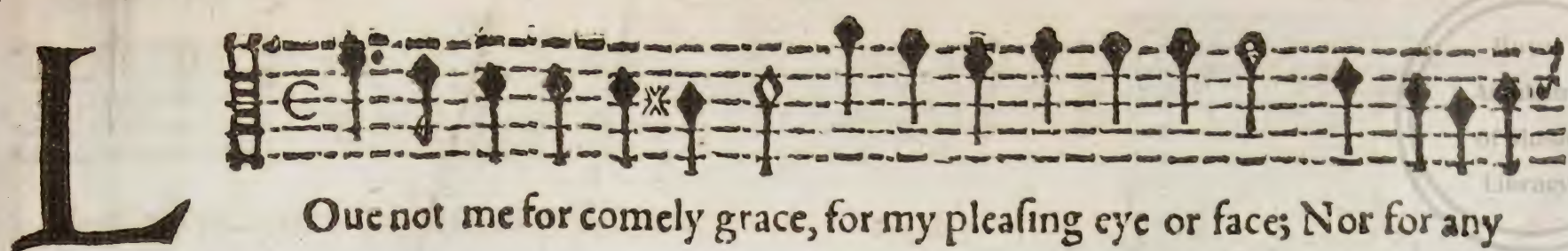
doth still despight her. But aye alas, alas my loue doth still despight her, Aye a- las



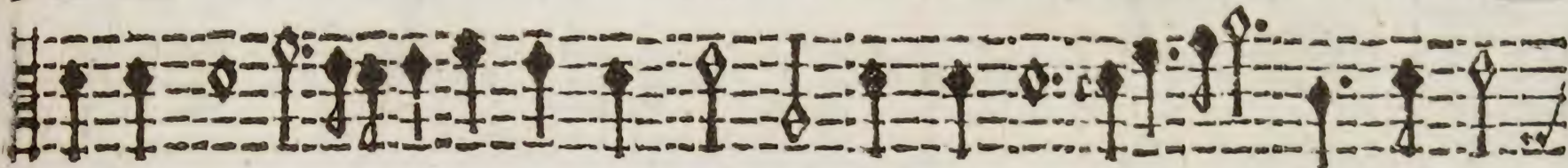
my loue doth still de- spight her.



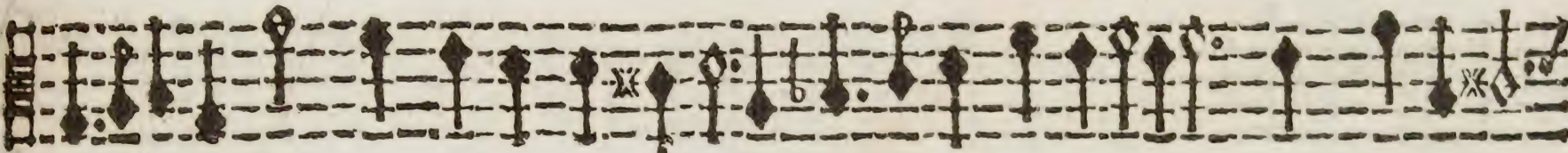




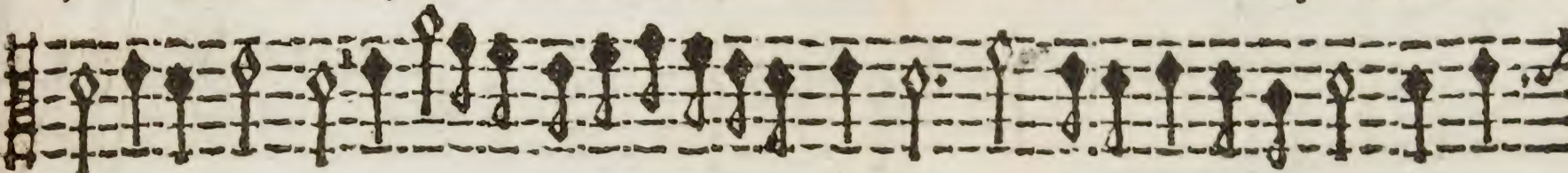
Oue not me for comely grace, for my pleasing eye or face; Nor for any



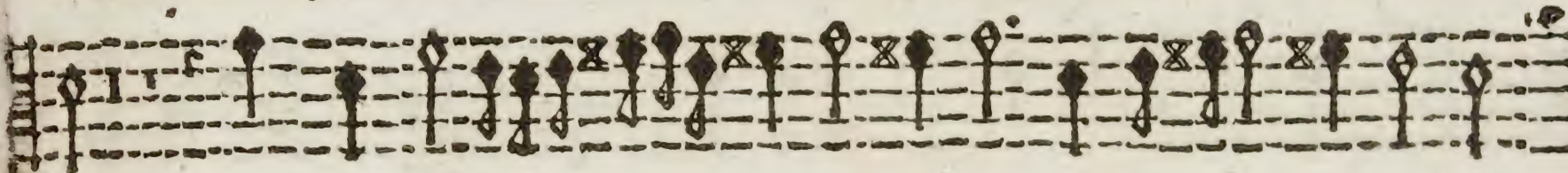
outward part, no, nor for my constant heart: For those may faile, ij. those may faile,



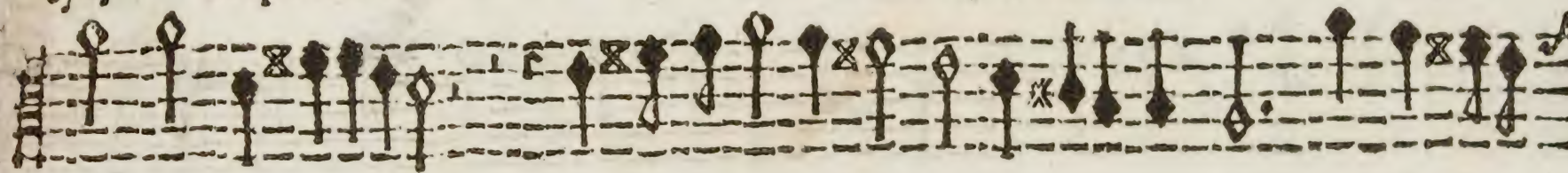
ij. for those may faile or turne to ill, So thou and I shall seuer: Keepe therefore a



true wo- mans eye, a true wo- mans eye, keep therefore a true womans



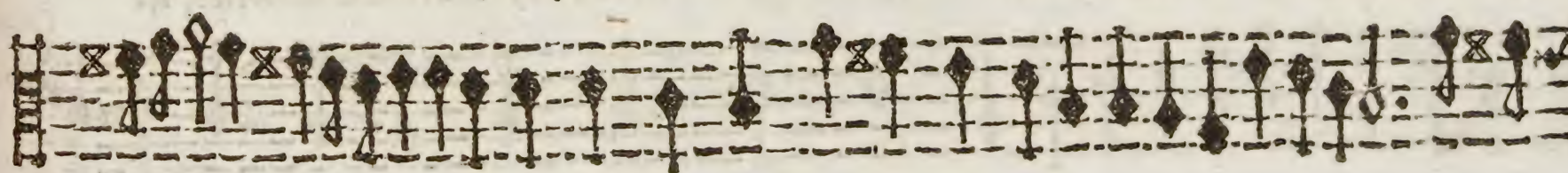
eye, keepe therefore a true womans eye, And loue me still, but



know not why: ij. And loue me still, but know not why, And loue me



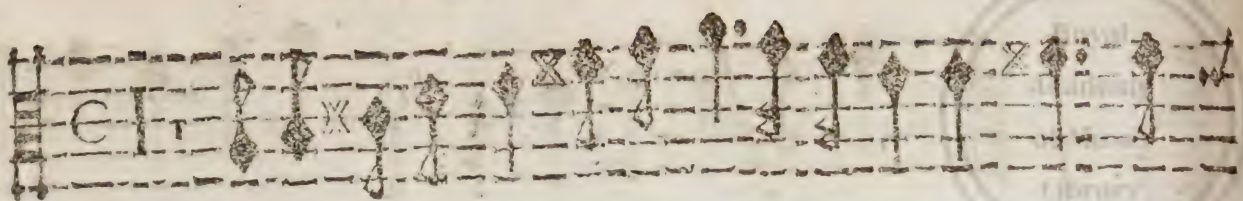
still but know not why, ij. but know not why, ij, &



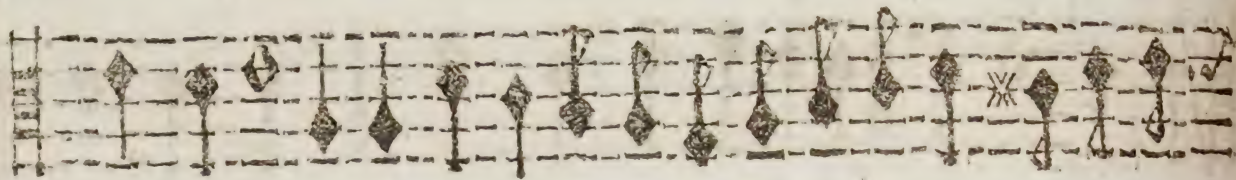
So hast thou the same reason still, ij. to



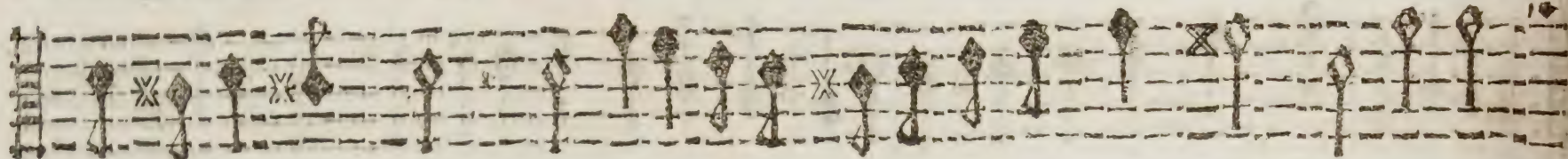
dote, to dote vpon me euer. ij. to dote vp-on me e-uer.



Lye not so swift my deere, be-

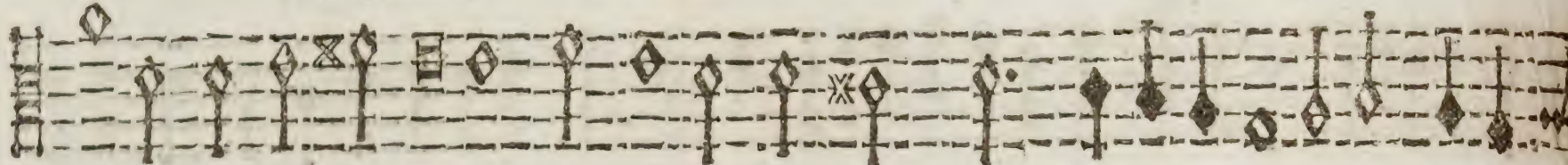


hold me dying, If not a smi-



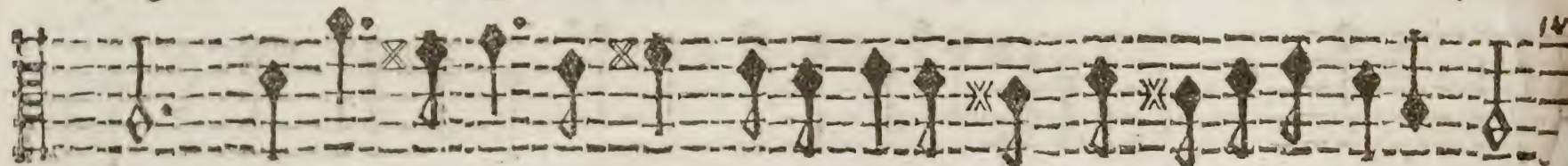
ling glance, If not a smi-

ling glance for all my



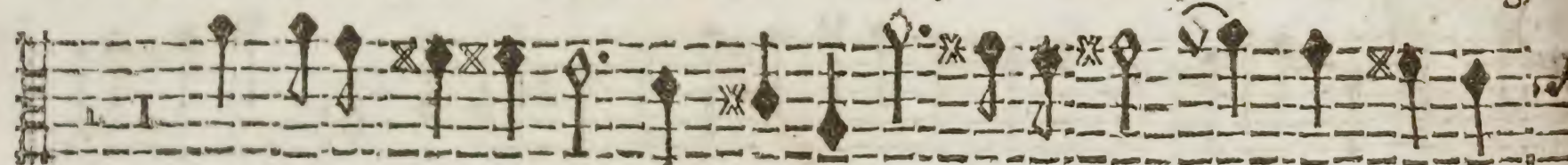
crying, for all my crying, Yet kill me with thy frownes: ij.

thy



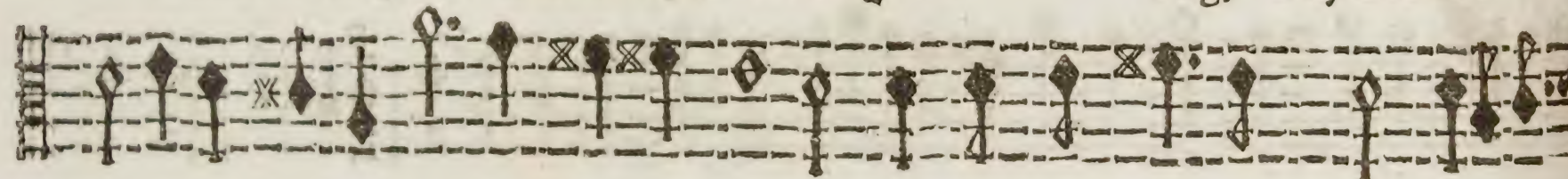
frownes: The Sa-tyres o're the lawnes full nimbly daun-

cing,

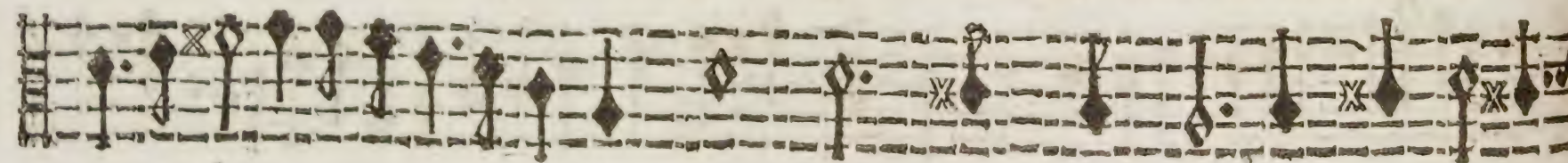


Friske it a- pace, to view thy beauties glan-

cing, Thy beauties

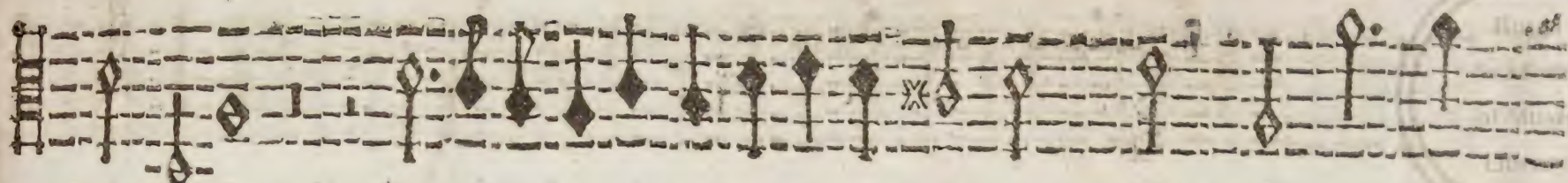


glan- cing; to view thy beauties glancing; See how they coast the downes, ij.



ij.

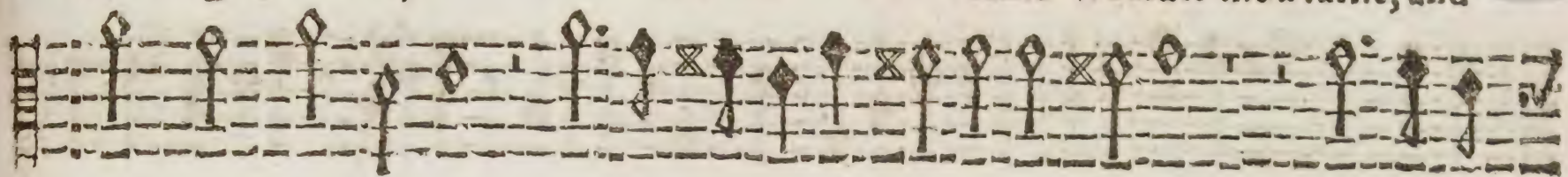
the downes, Fayne wouldst thou turne and yeeld them



their delight,

ij.

faine wouldst thou turne, and



yeelde them their delight,

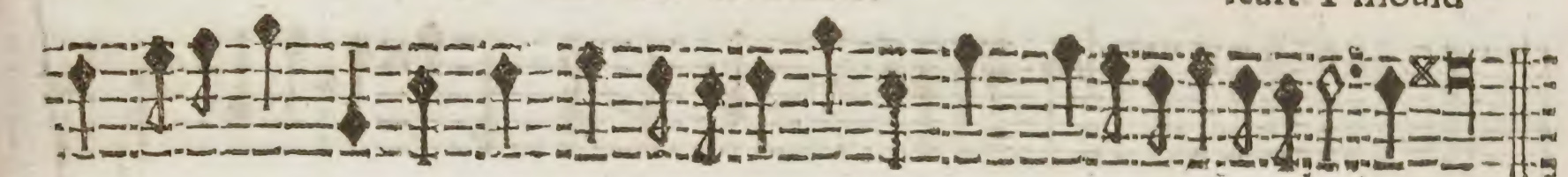
ij.

ij.



but that thou fearst

least I should

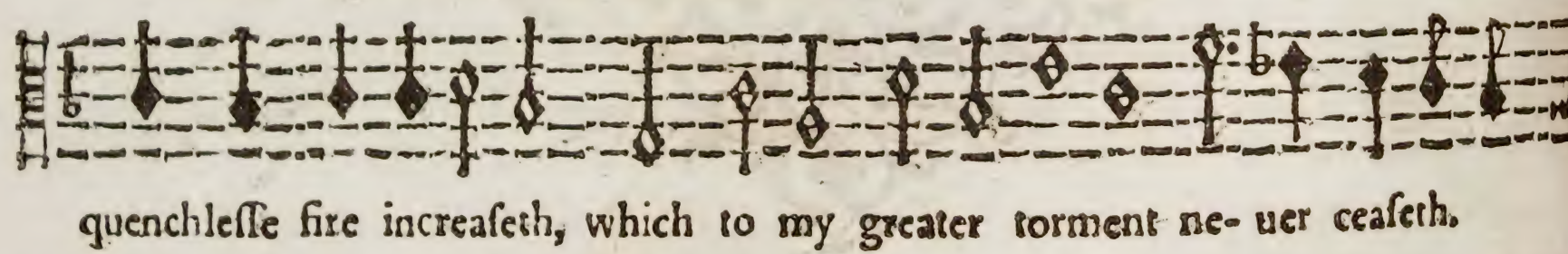
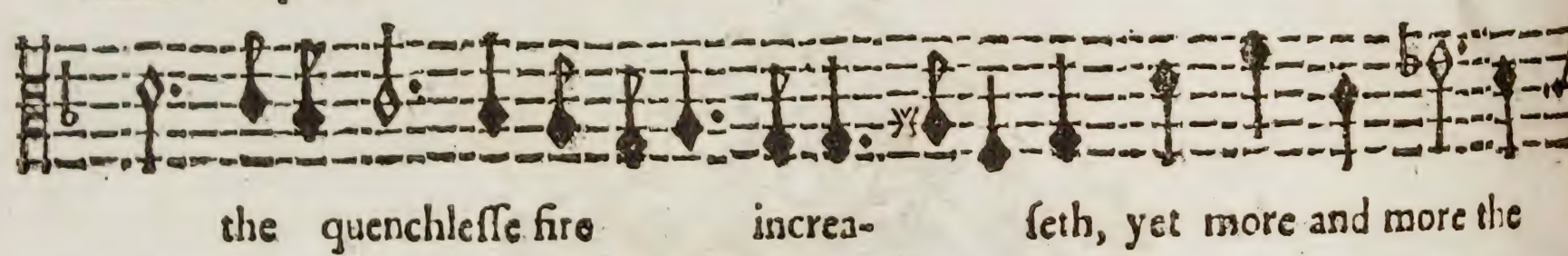
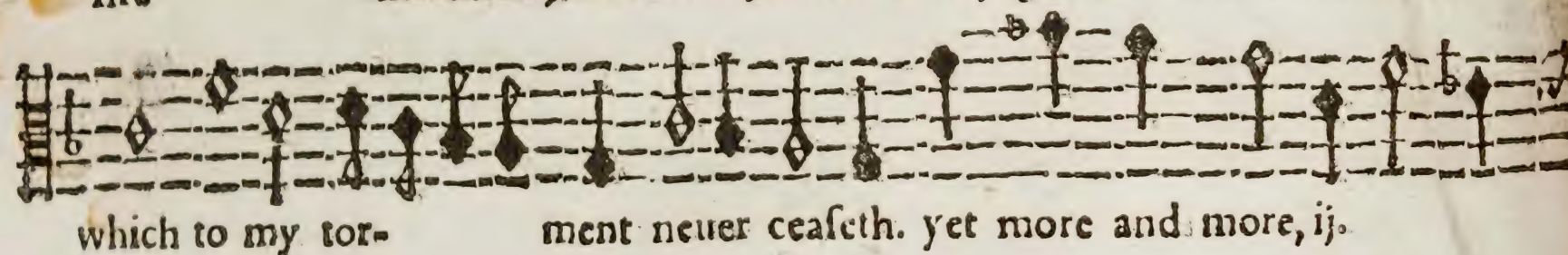
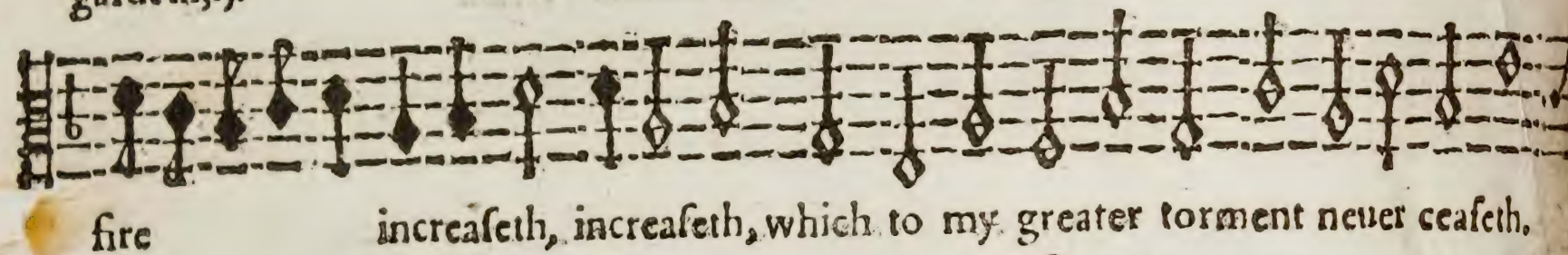
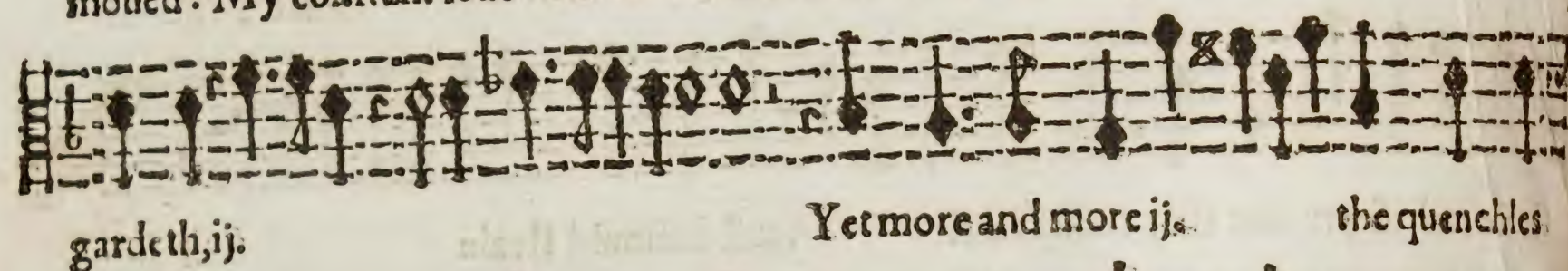
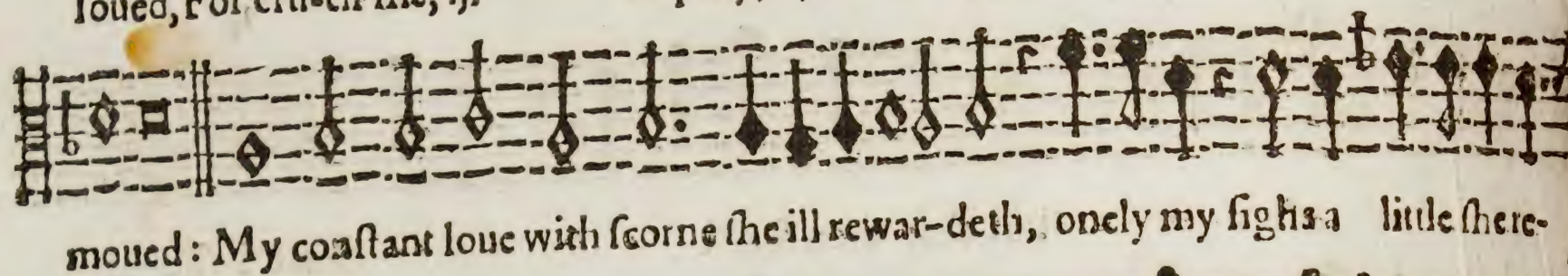
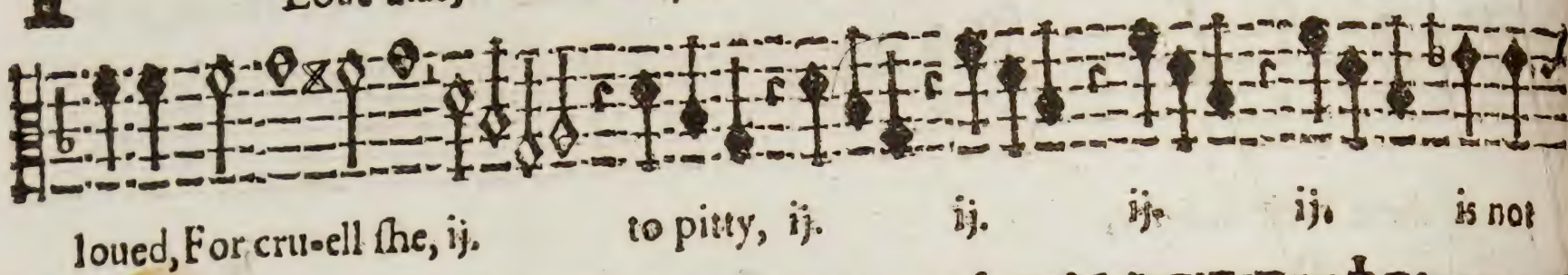
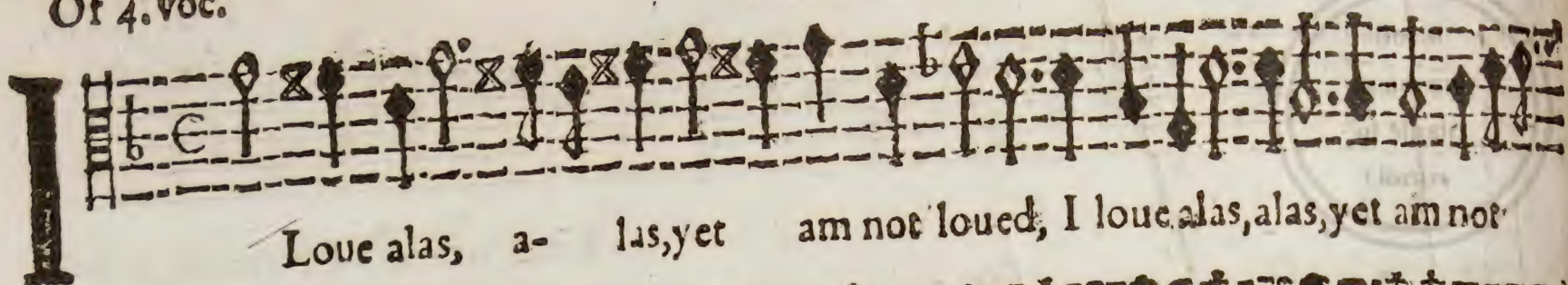


eale a fight. but that thou fearst

least I should steale

a fight.

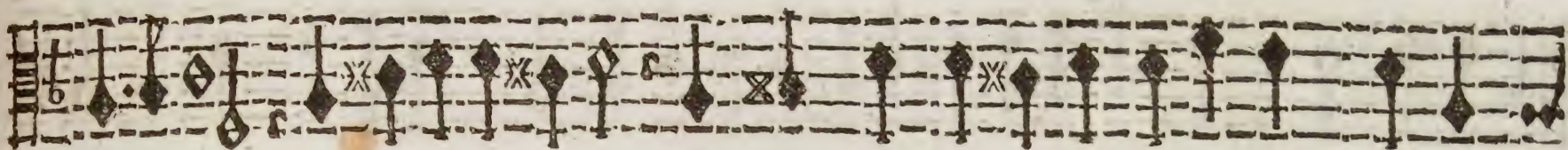




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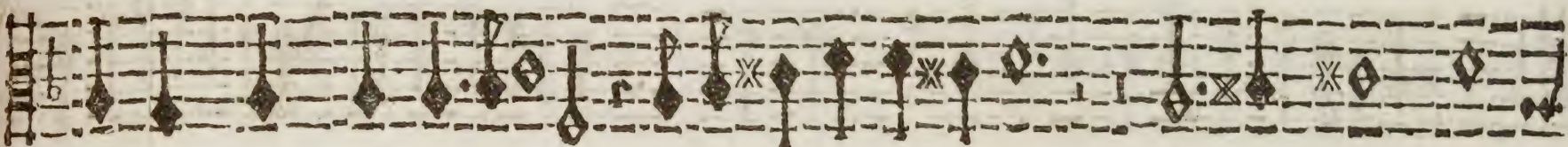


S matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, a Phoenix proues faire



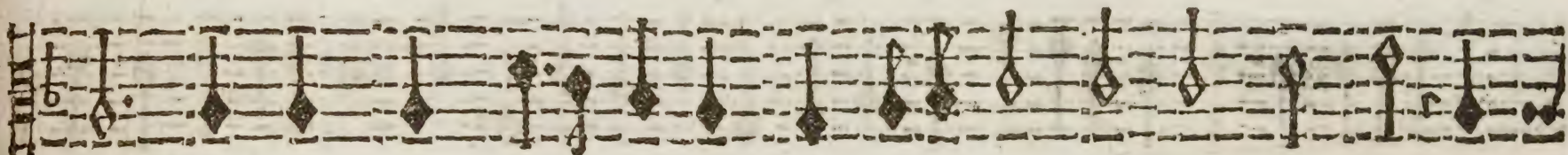
Le-o-nilla, ij.

As matchlesse beauty thee a Phoenix proues, a

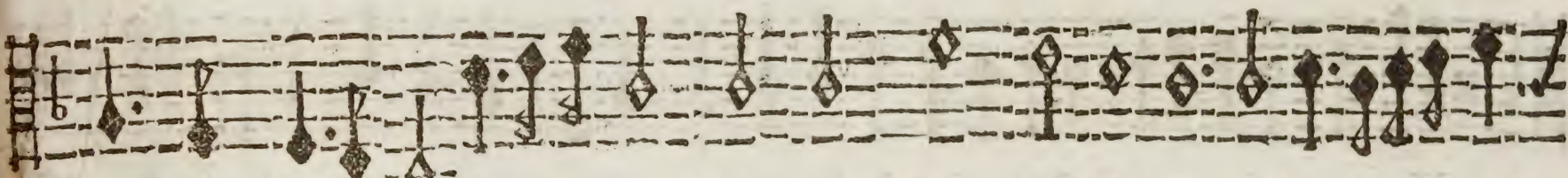


Phoenix proues faire Le-o-nilla, ij.

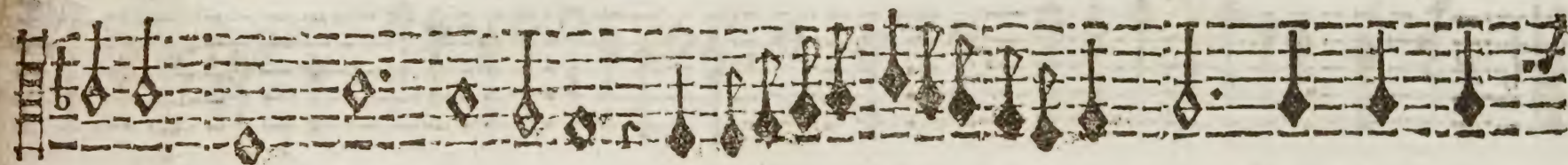
So thy fowre-sweet



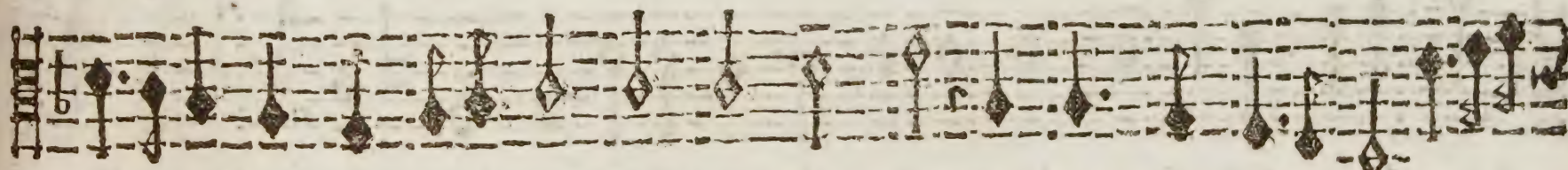
loues : For when young Acons eye thy proud hart tames, thy proud hart tames, for



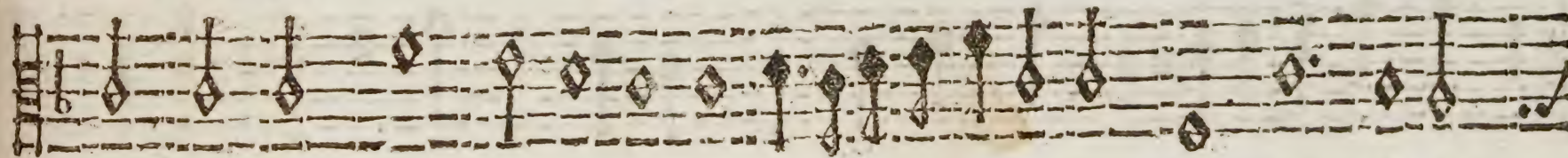
when young Acons eye thy proud hart tames, Thou dyest in him, and li- uest



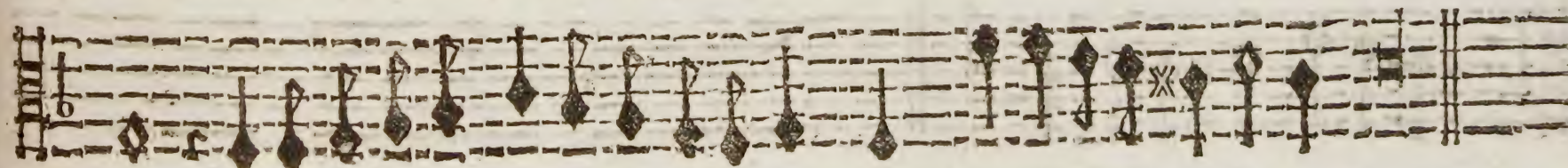
in my flames. Thou dy'st in him, and li- uest in my flames. For when young



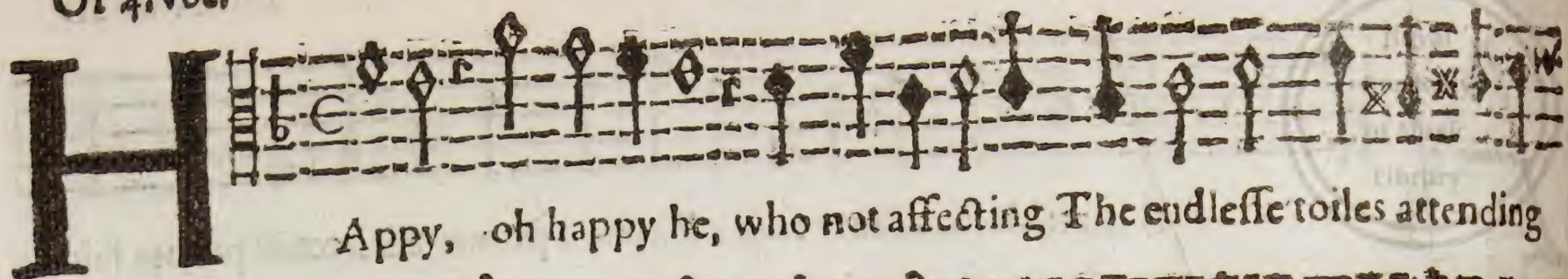
Acons eye thy proud hart tames, thy proud hart tames, for when young Acons eye thy



proud hart tames, Thou dy'st in him, and li- uest in my flames. thou dy'st in



him, and li- uest in my flames. and liuest in my flames.



worldly cares, The end-

lesse toyles attending worldly cares,



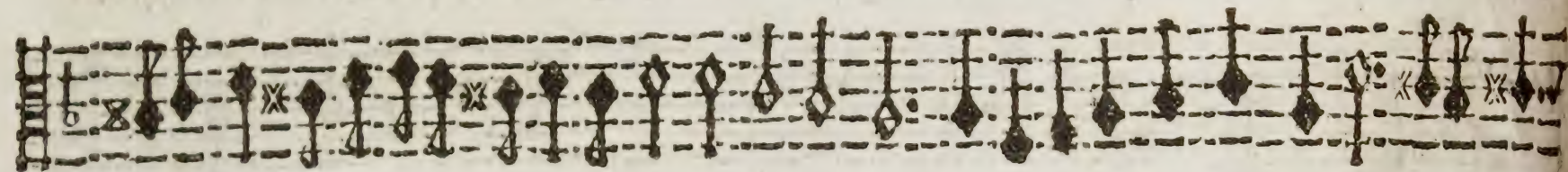
at- ten-

ding worldly cares, ij.

ij.

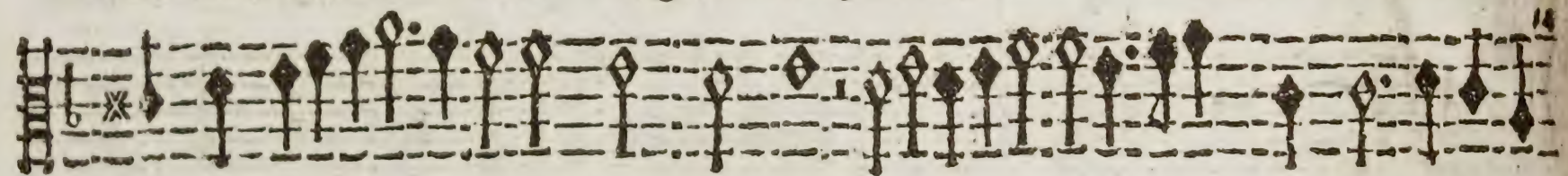


With minde repof'd all discontentes reiecting; with minde repof'd all



dis- con- tents re- iect- ing; In silent peace, ij.

his way to heauen

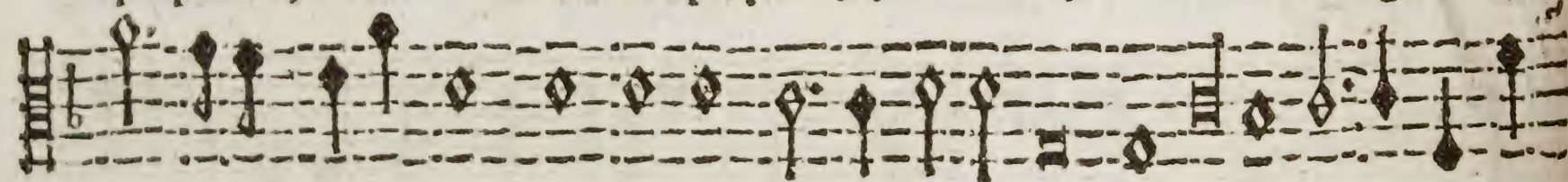


prepares: ij.

to heauen prepares, ij.

ij.

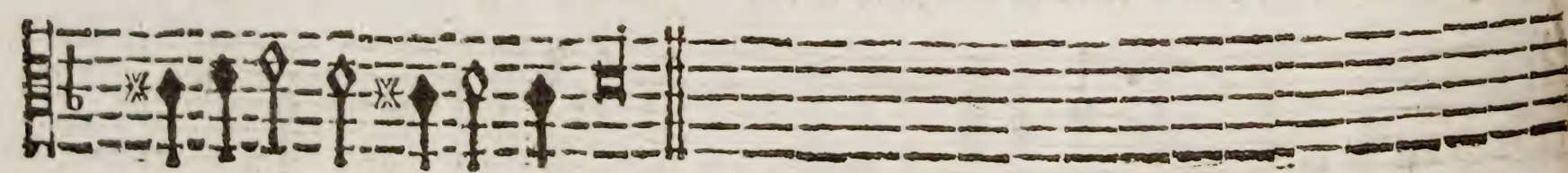
Deeming his life a



Scene, the world a Stage, whereon man acts his Pilgrimage. his weary Pilgrimage, De-

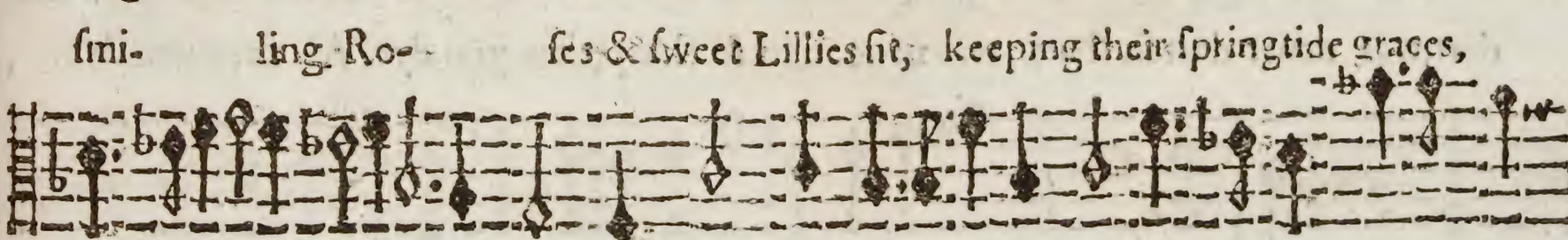
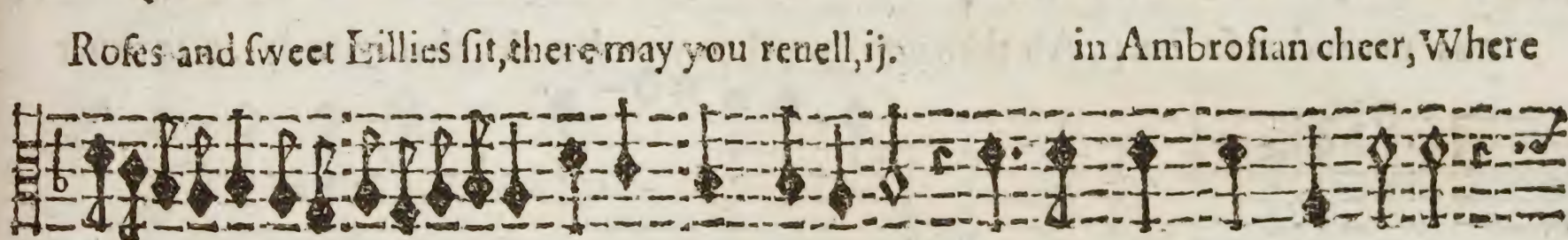
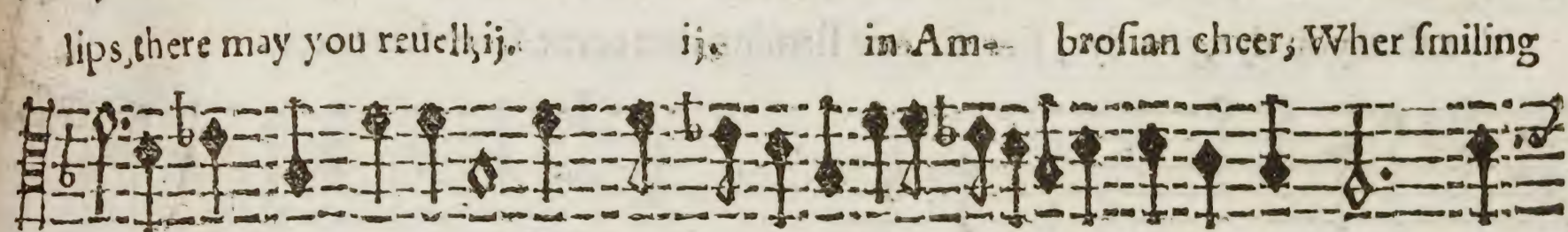
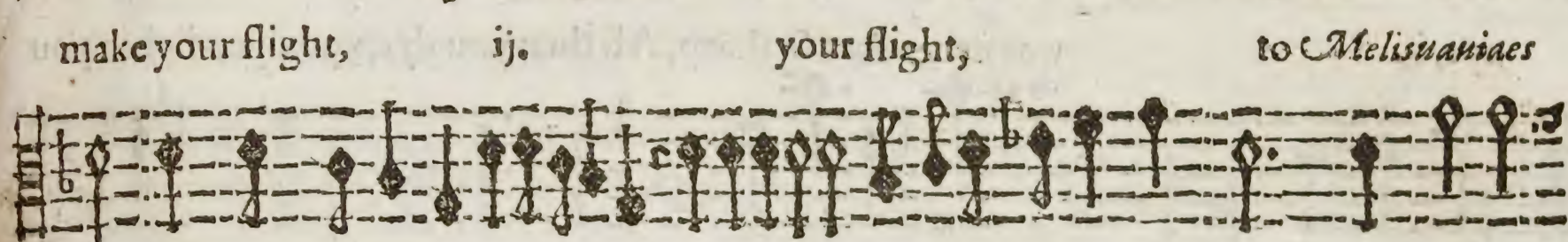
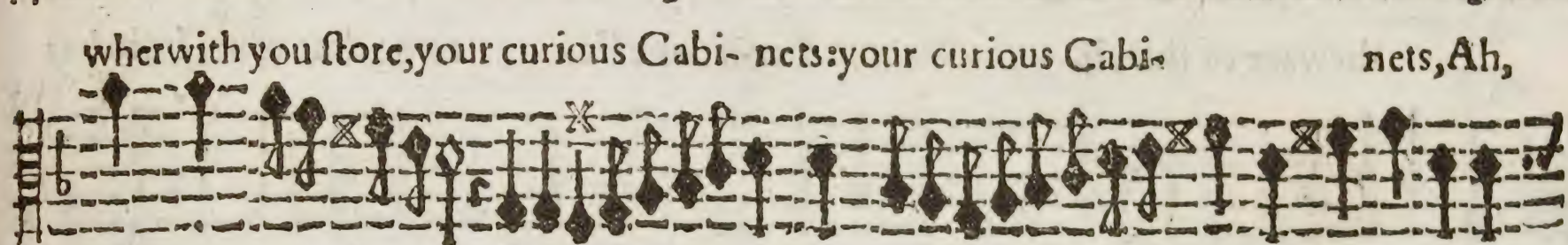
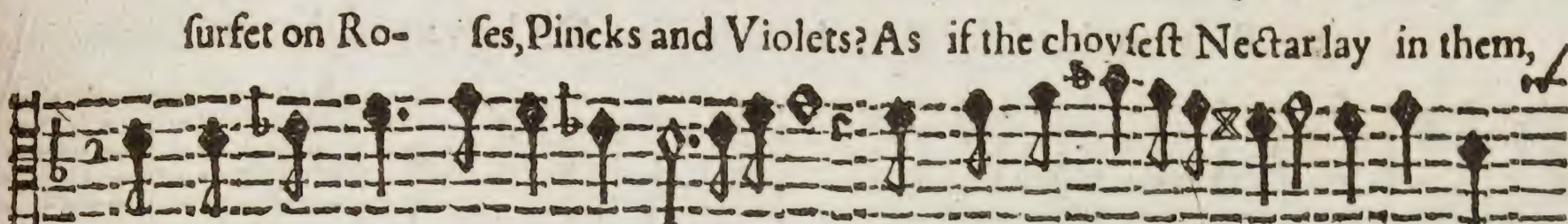
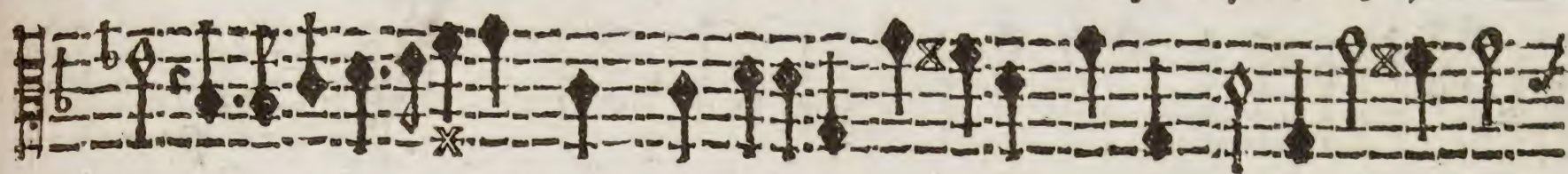
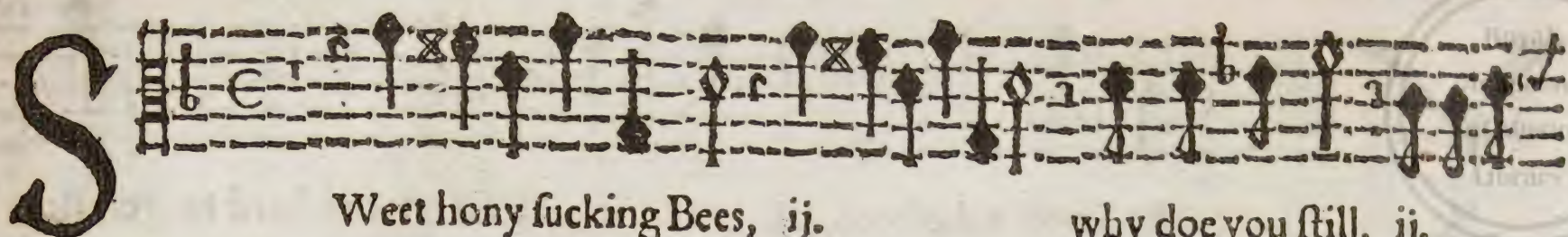


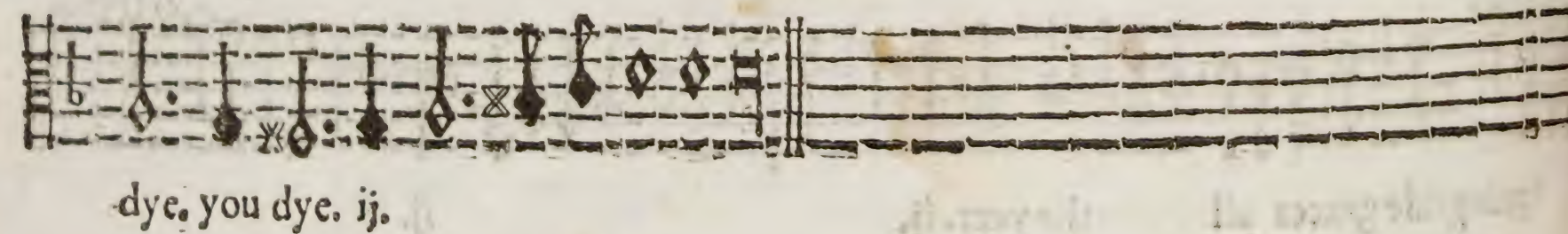
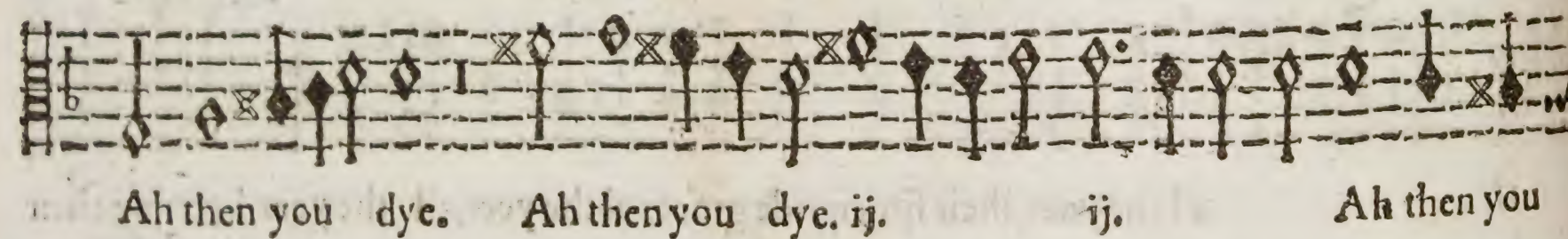
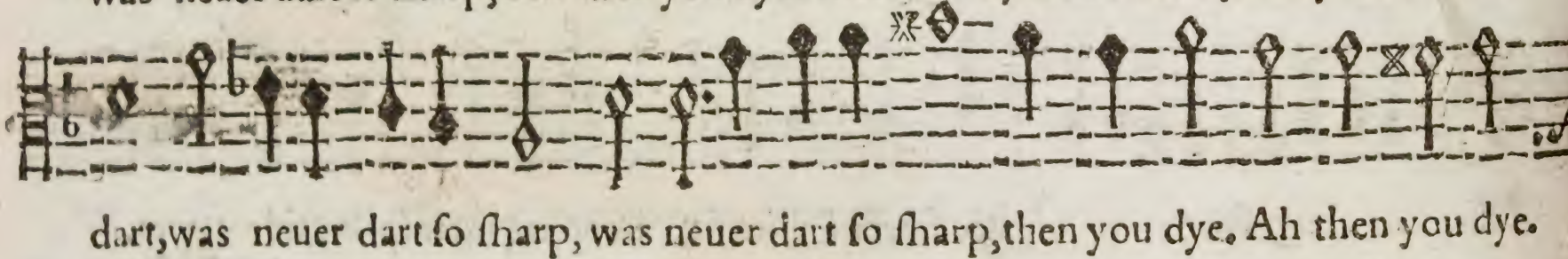
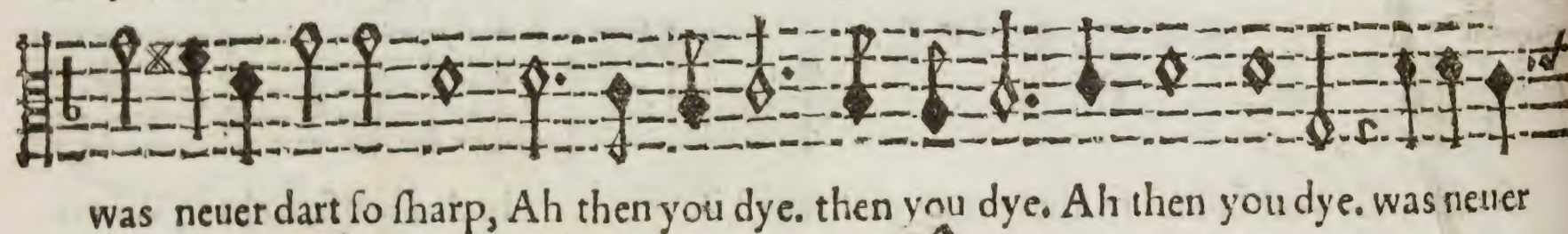
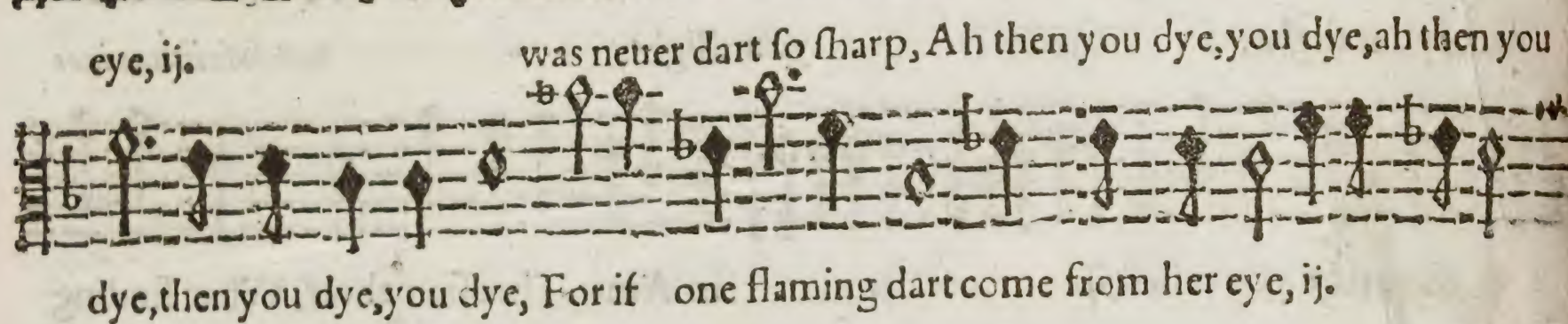
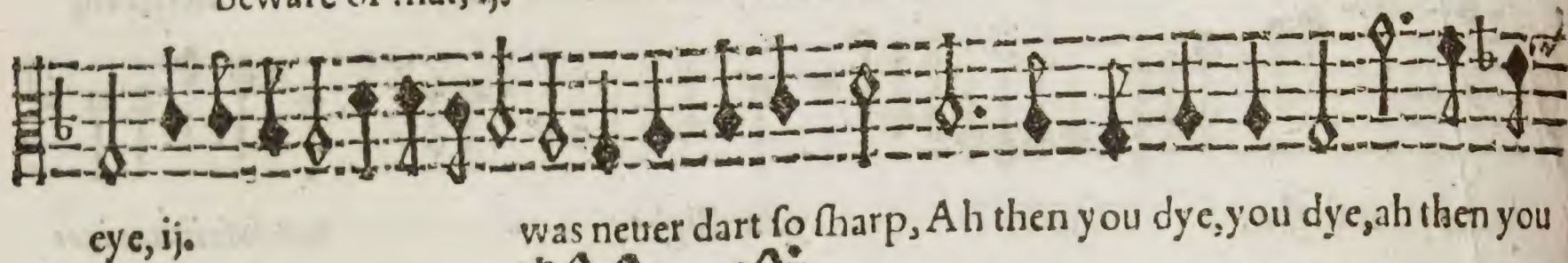
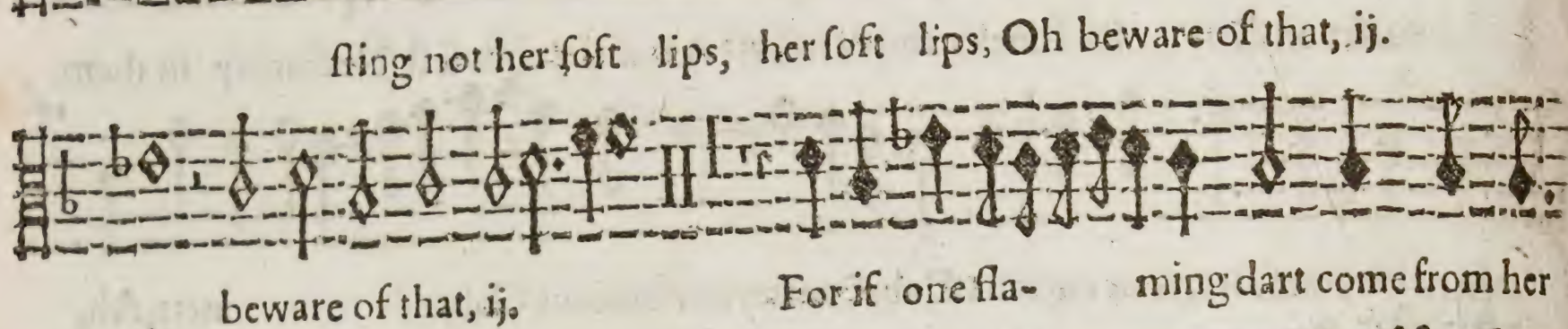
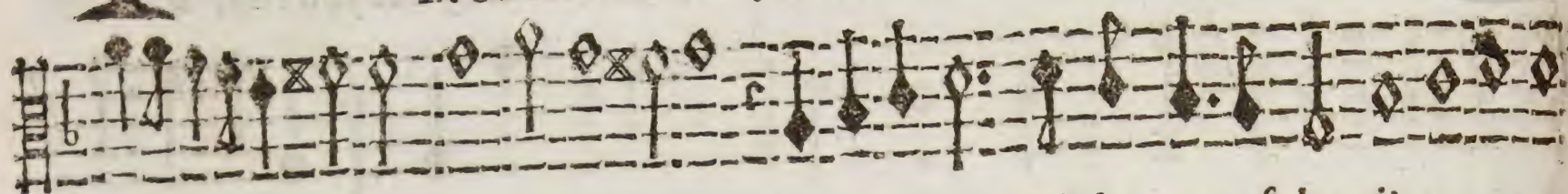
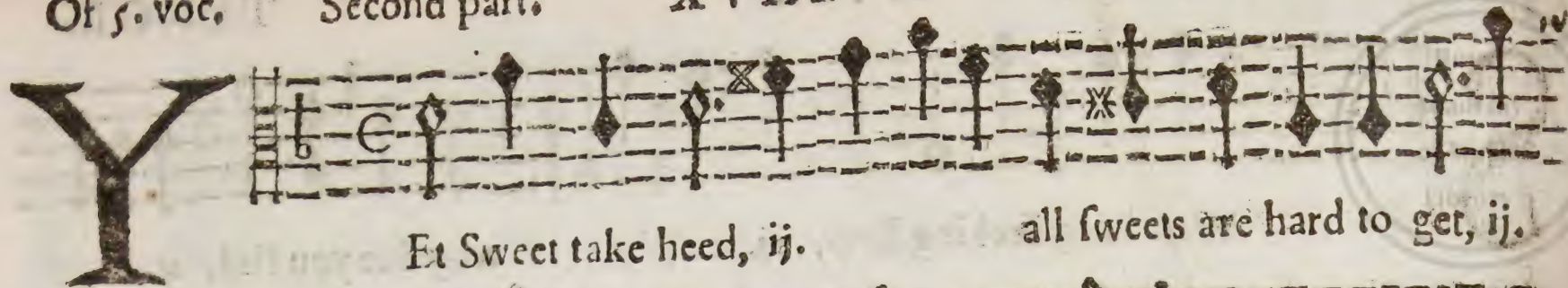
eming his life a Scene, the world a Stage, whereon man acts his wea-

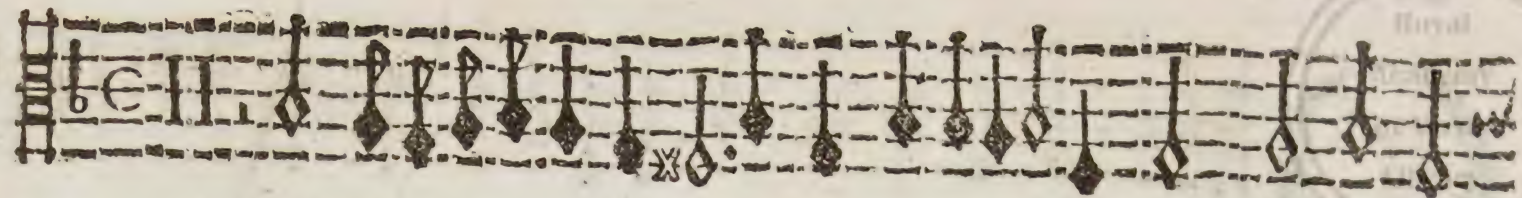


ry Pil- grimage.

Here endeth the Songs of 4. parts.

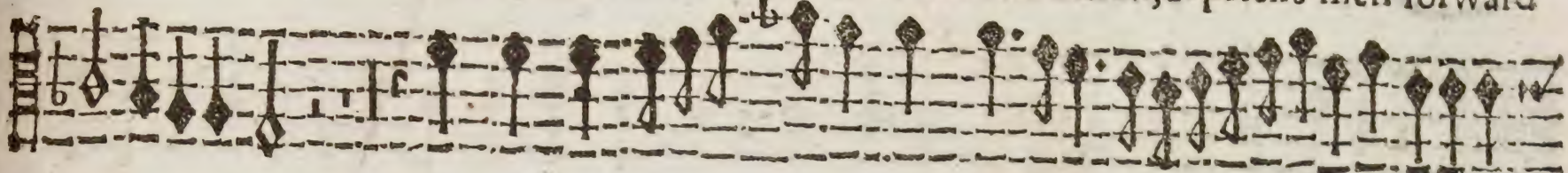




A

Li plea-

sure is of this condition, It pricks men forward

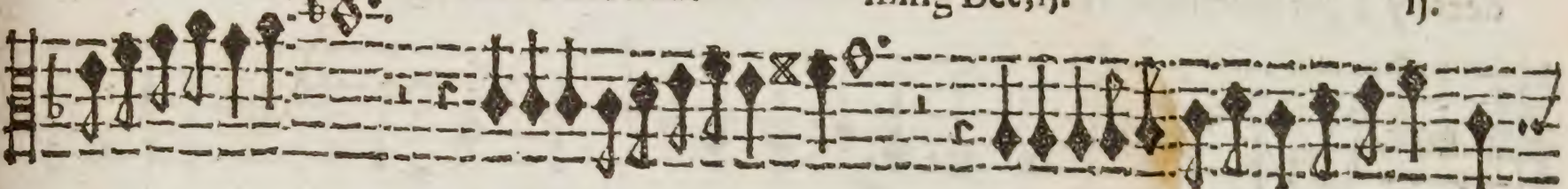


to fru-i-ti-on,

Then like the hum-

ming Bee, ij.

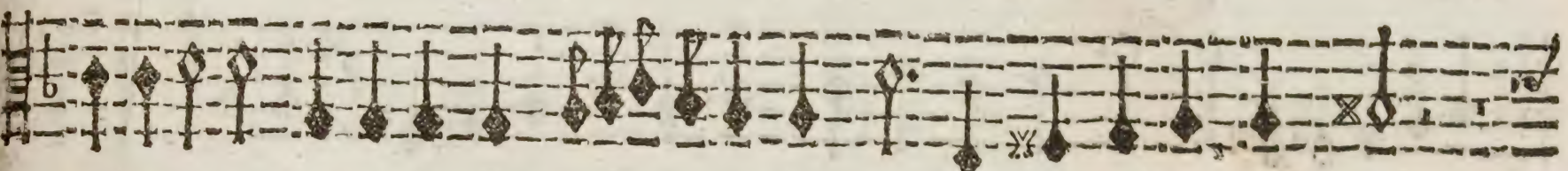
ij.



ij.

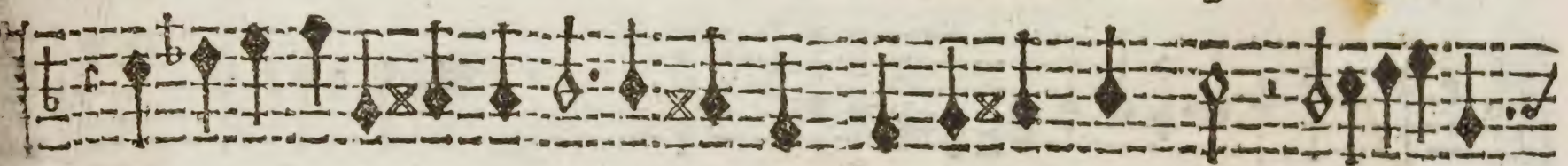
ij.

The



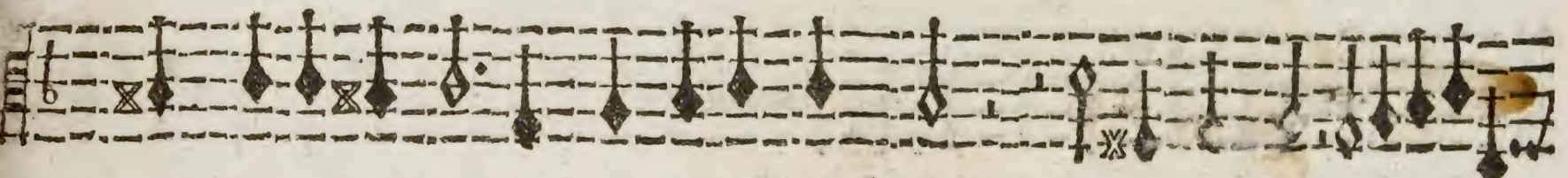
honie being shed away doth flee,

doth flee, But leaues a sting that wounds

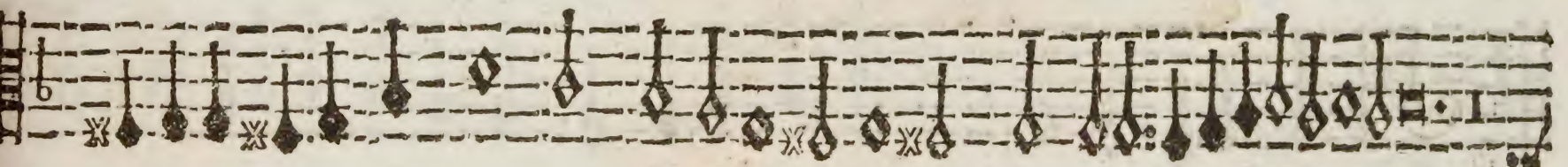


ij.

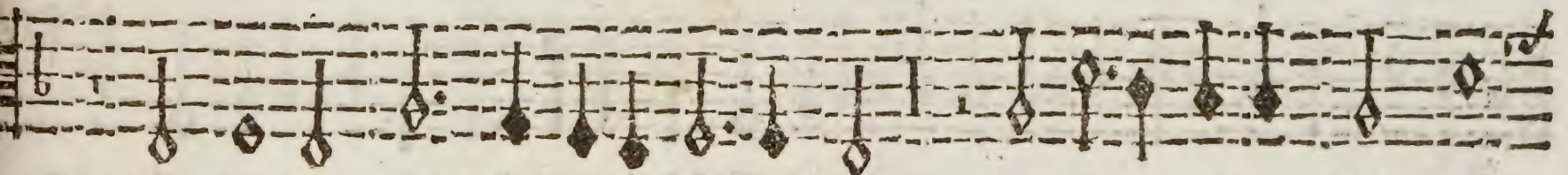
the inward hart, But leaues a sting that wounds, ij.



wounds the inward hart, But leaues a sting that wounds, the inward hart, ij.

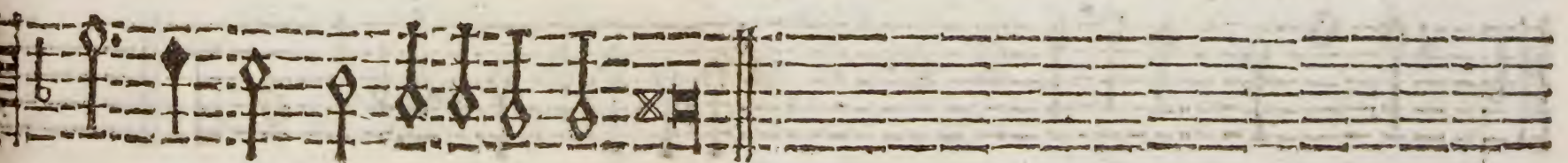


With gnawing grief, & neuer ending smart. ij.



with gnawing grieffe, and neuer ending smart.

and neuer ending smart. with

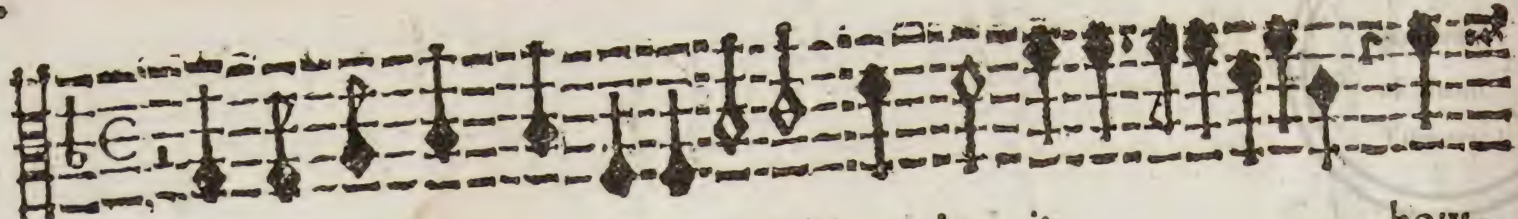


gnawing grieffe and neuer ending smart.

Of 5. voc.

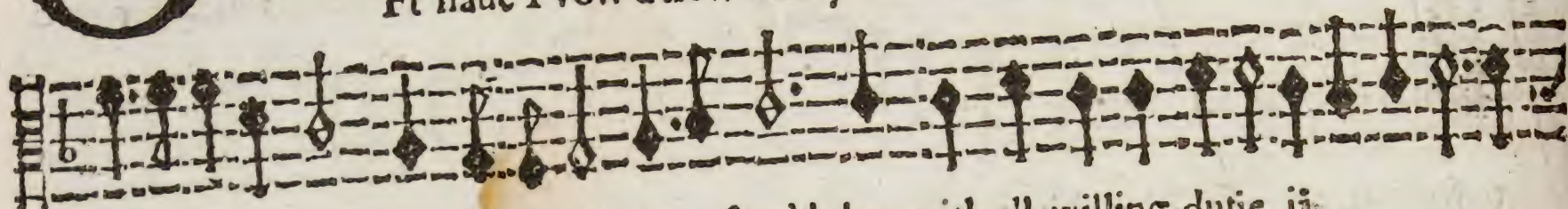
XX.

TENOR.

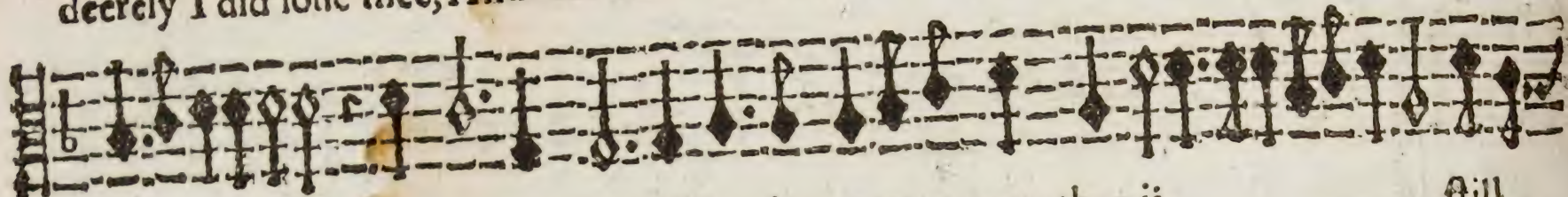


It haue I vow'd how dearly I did loue thee, ij.

how

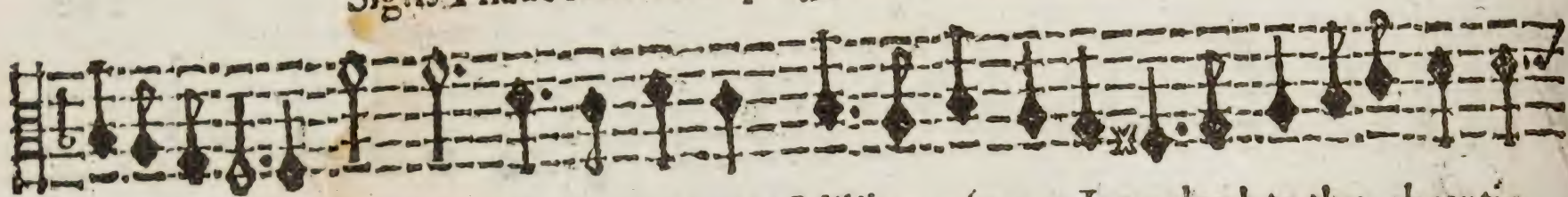


deerely I did loue thee, And oft obseru'd thee with all willing dutie, ij.

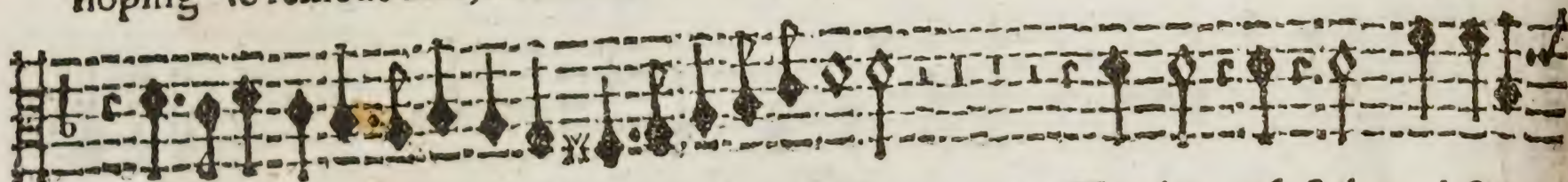


Sighs I haue sent stil hoping to remoue thee, ij.

still

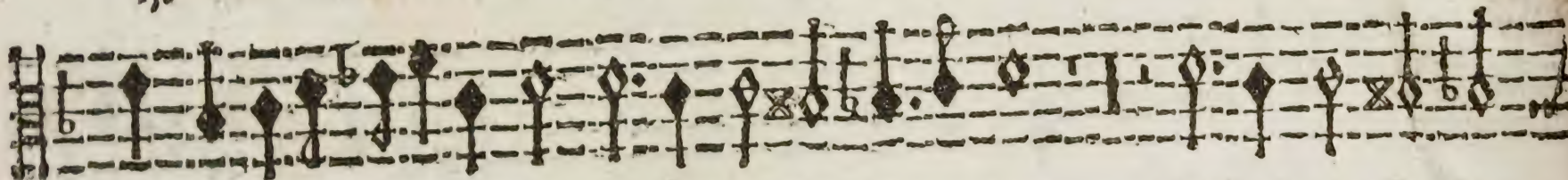


hoping to remoue thee, Millions of teares, Millions of tears, I tendered to thy beautie,



ij.

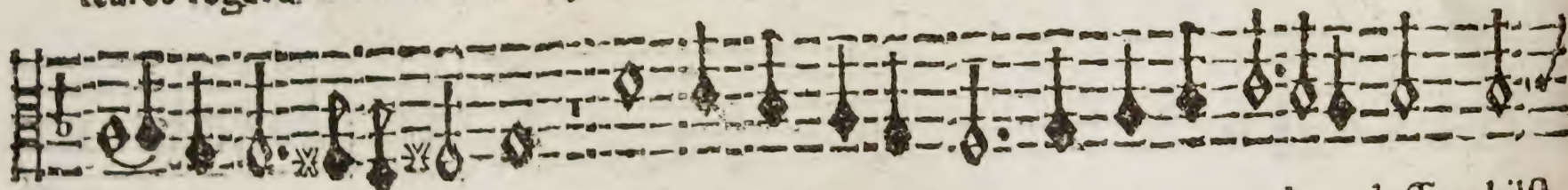
Yet thou of sighs and silly



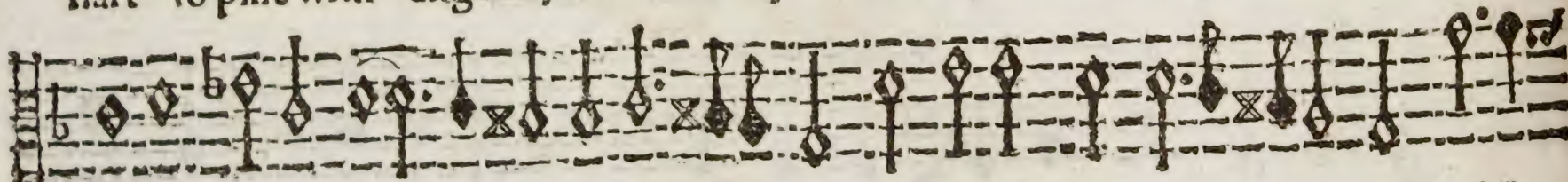
teares regard-

lesse, suffrest my fee-ble hart

suffrest my fee-ble

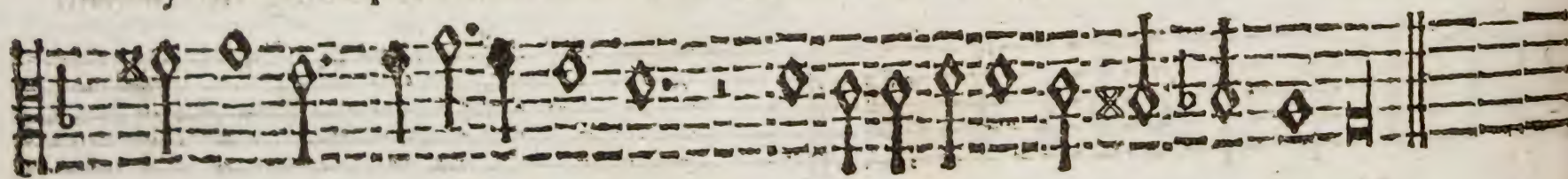


hart to pine with anguish, Whilst all my barren hopes returne reward-lesse, whilst



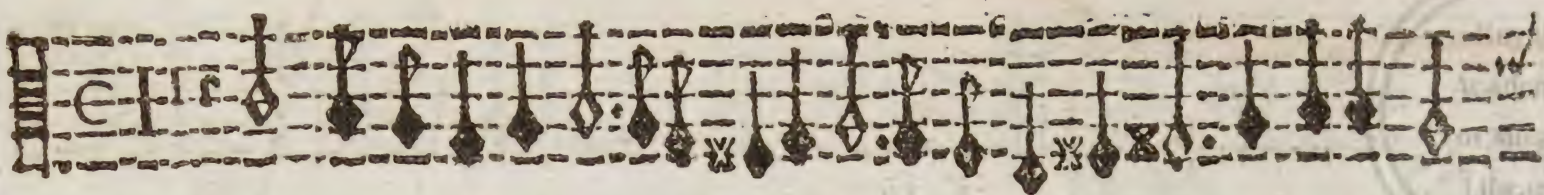
all my barren hopes returne reward-lesse, My better dayes do

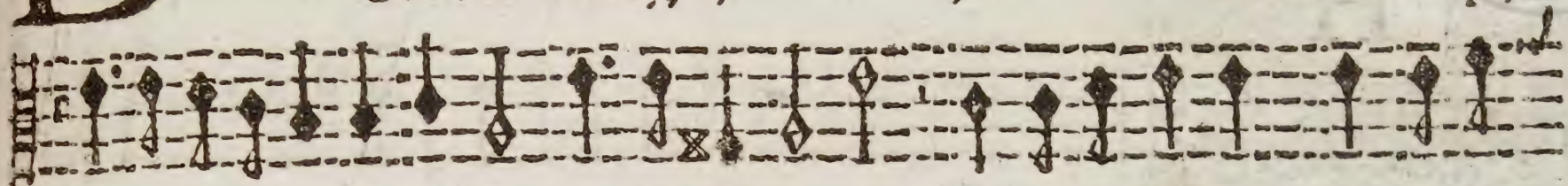
wast, and I



doe languish. and I doe languish. ij.

and I doe languish.

D 
 Owne in a valley, ij. ij. as *A-lexis* trips,



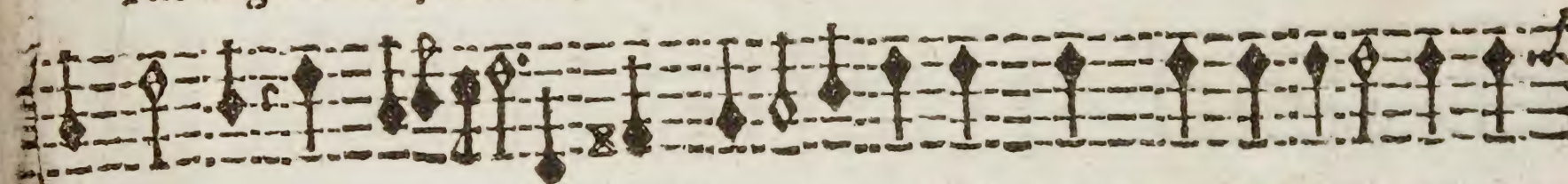
Daphne sat sweetly sleeping, *Daphne* sat sleeping, Soone as the wanton, Soone as the



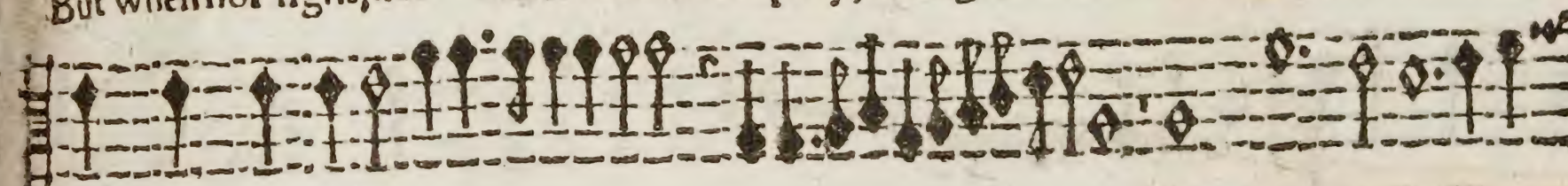
wanton toucht her ruddy lips, she nicely fals a weeping, ij. ij.



The wag full softly lifts her, And too and fro he sifts her, ij.

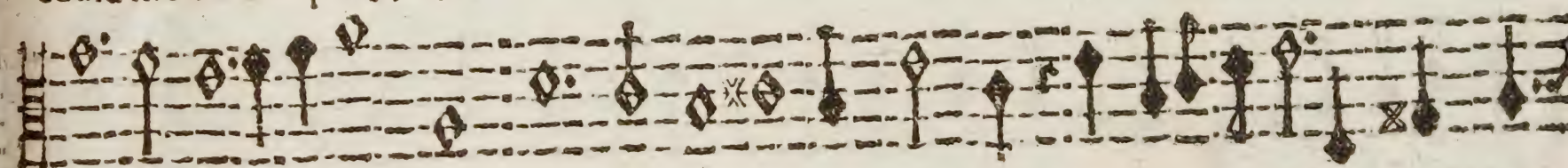


But when nor sighs, nor kisses mou'd her pittty, nor sighs could moue her pittty, nor teares



could moue her pittty, ij.

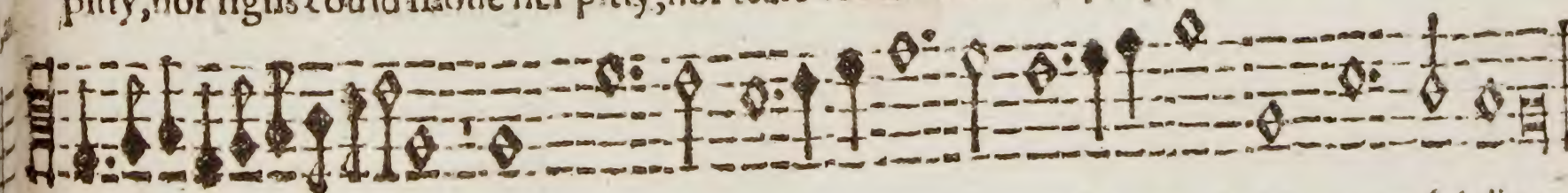
With plaints he warbles



forth, he warbles forth this mournfull dit-ty. But when nor sighs nor kisses mou'd her



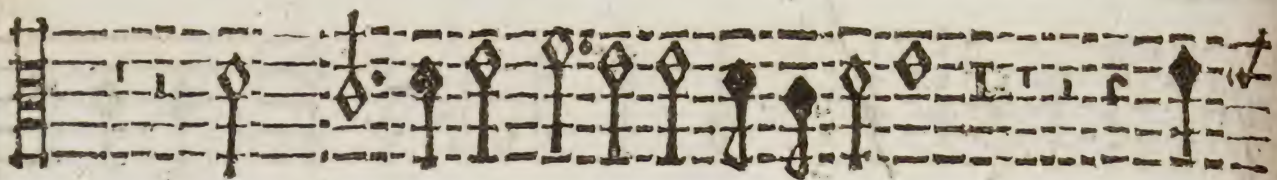
pittty, nor sighs could moue her pittty, nor tears could moue her pittty, ij.



with plaints he warbles forth, he warbles forth this mournful dittie.



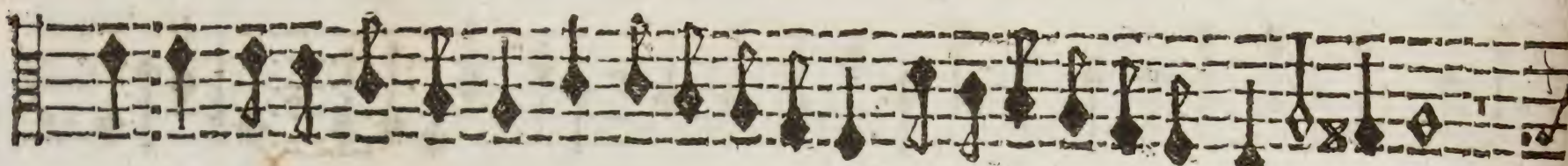
Ard De-stinies are Lowe and Beantie parted?



Fayre *Daphne* so disdain-

full?

Cu-



pid thy shafts

are too

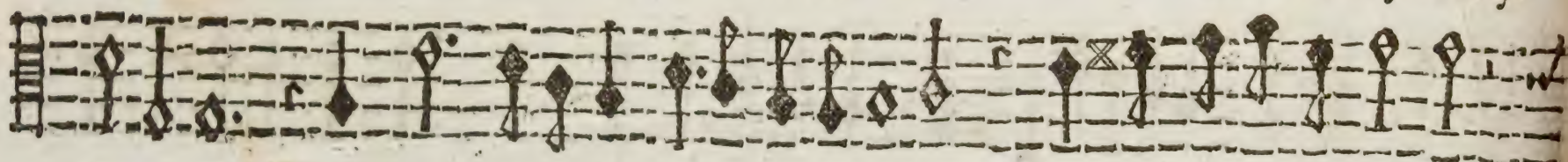
vn-

iustly darterd,



Fond Loue thy wounds be painefull, ij.

But sith my louely



Iew- ell

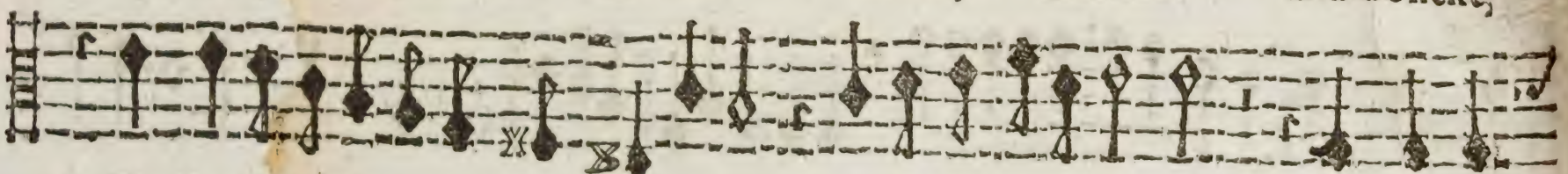
is prou'd so

coy and

cruell,

Ile liue

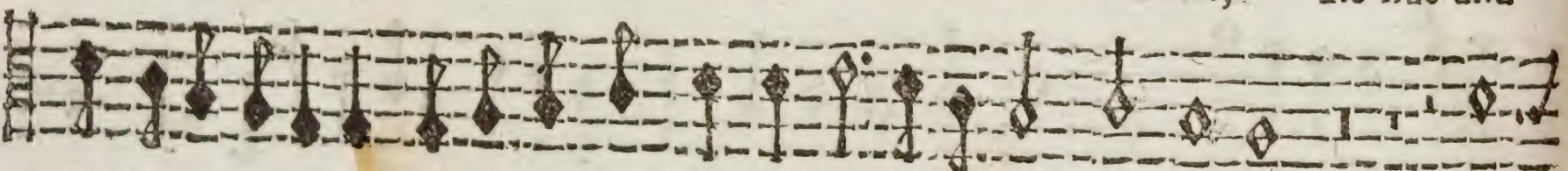
and frolicke,



Ile liue and fro-

licke, Ile liue and frolicke,

Ile liue and



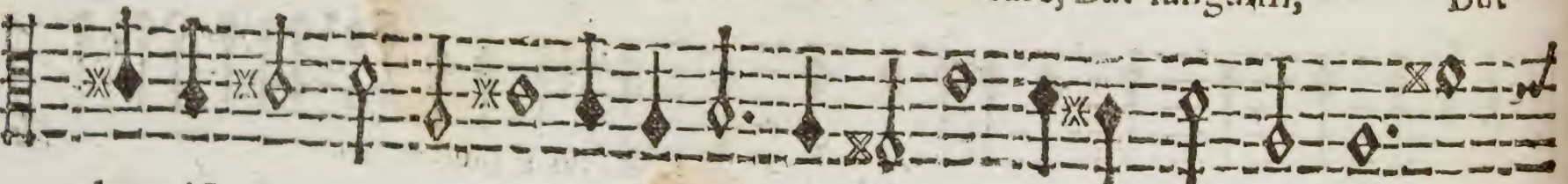
fro-

licke in

her beauties trea-

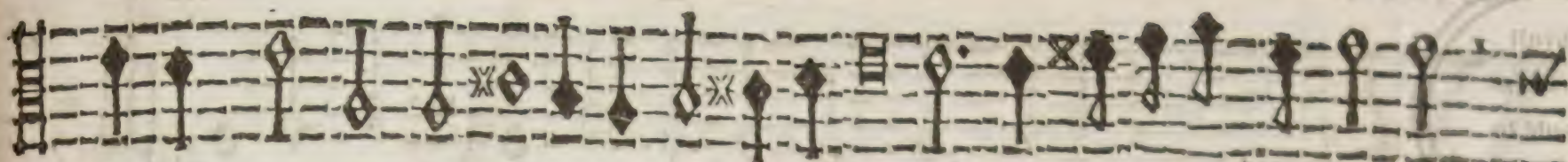
sure, But languish,

But

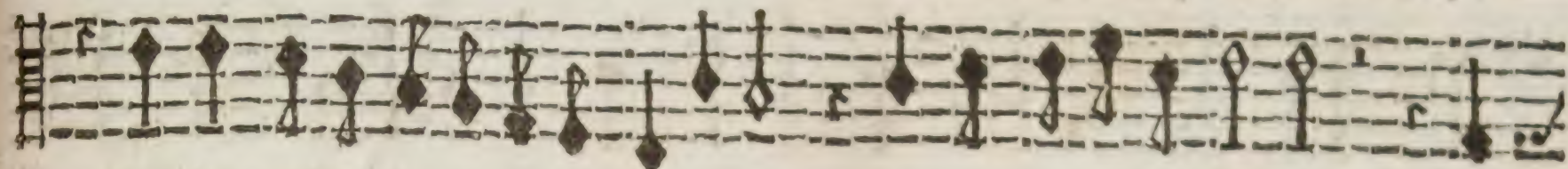


languish, faint and dye, ij.

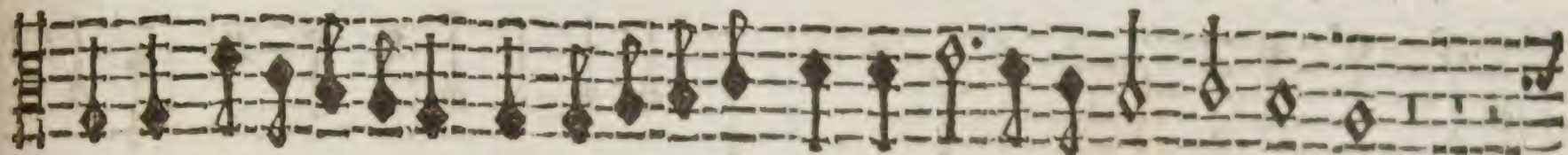
But languish faint and dye, But



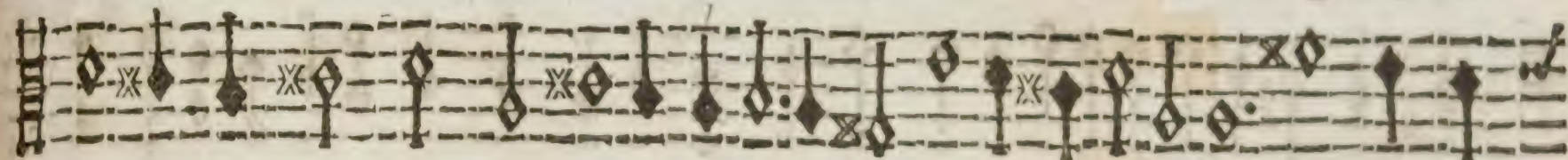
languish, faint and dye, in her dis- pleasure. Ile liue and frolicke,



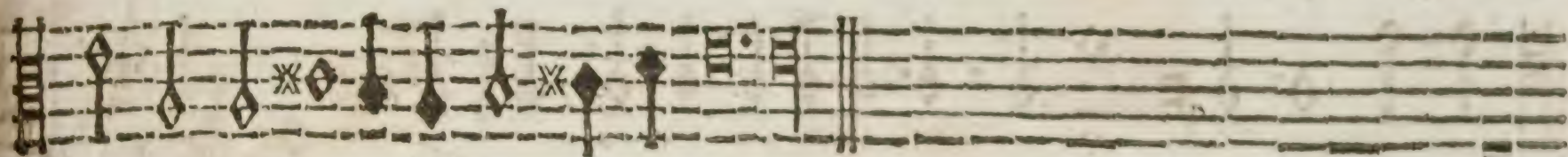
Ile liue and fro- licke, Ile liue and frolicke, Ile



liue and fro- licke in her beauties trea- sure, But languish,

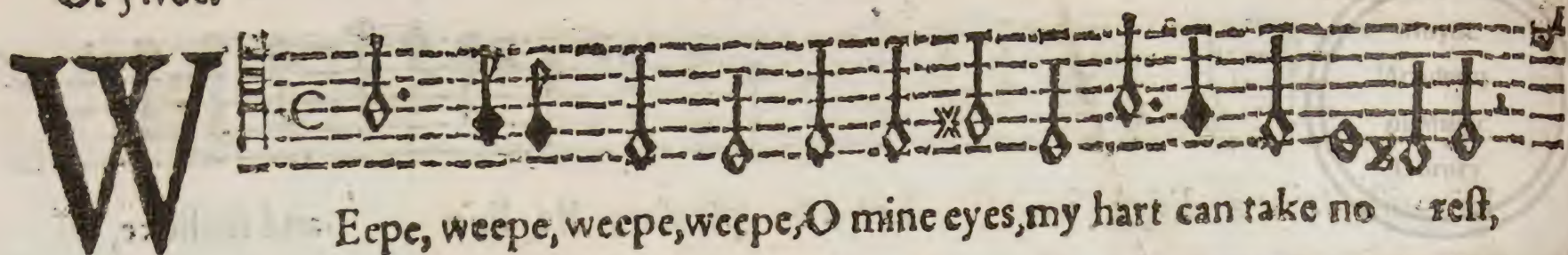


But languish, faint and dye, ij. ij. But languish

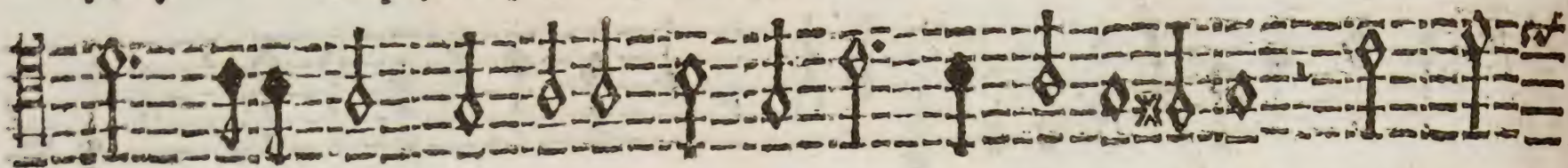


faint and dye in her dis- pleasure.

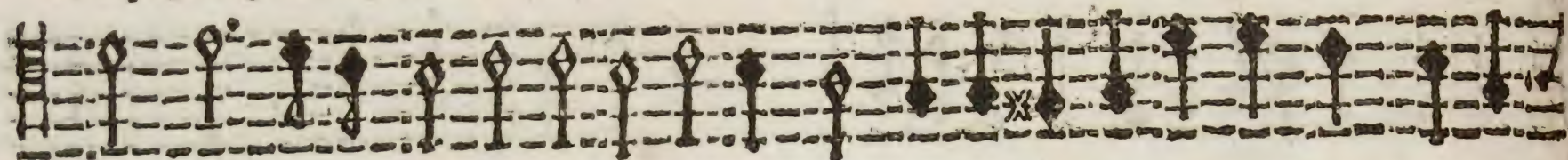
D.



Seepe, weepe, weepe, weepe, O mine eyes, my hart can take no rest,



Weepe, weepe, weepe, weepe, O my hart, mine eyes shall ne're be blest, Weepe eyes,



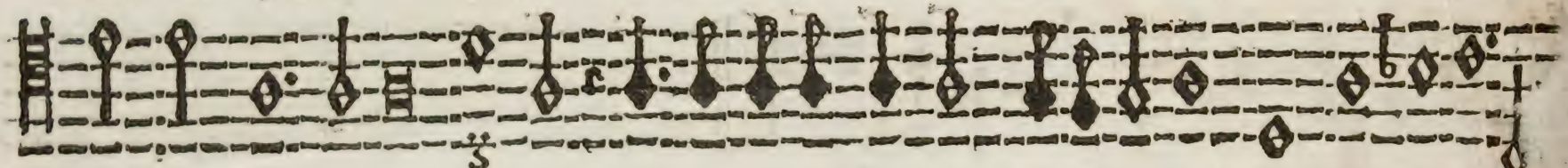
weepe hart, and both this accent cry, and both this accent cry, A thousand, thousand



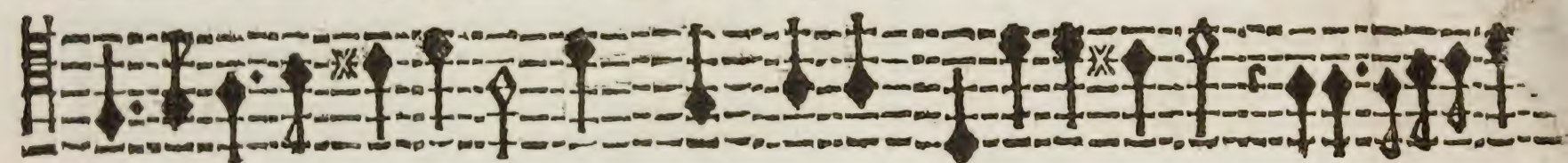
deaths I dye, ij.

A thousand thousand deaths, a thou-

sand

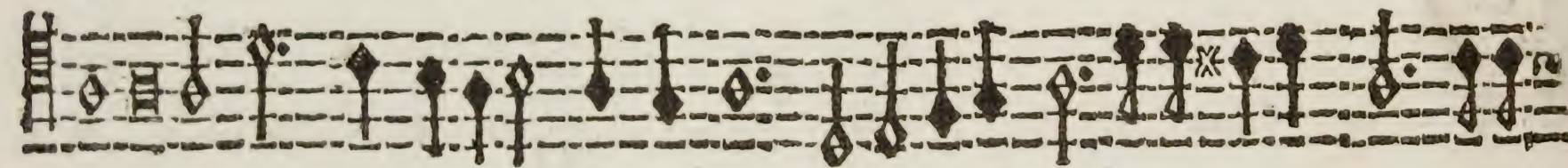


thousand deaths I dye, Ayeme, ah, ah, cruell Fortune, Aye me, Now Le- ander to

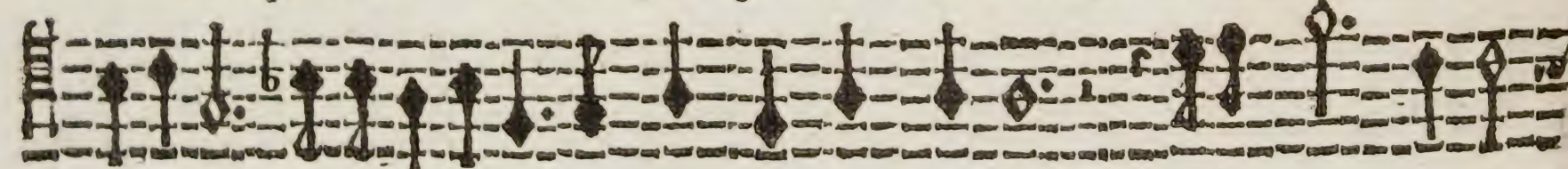


dye

I feare not, Death doe thy worst I care not, ij.



I hope, when I am dead, I hope when I am dead, in E- lizian plaine, ij.

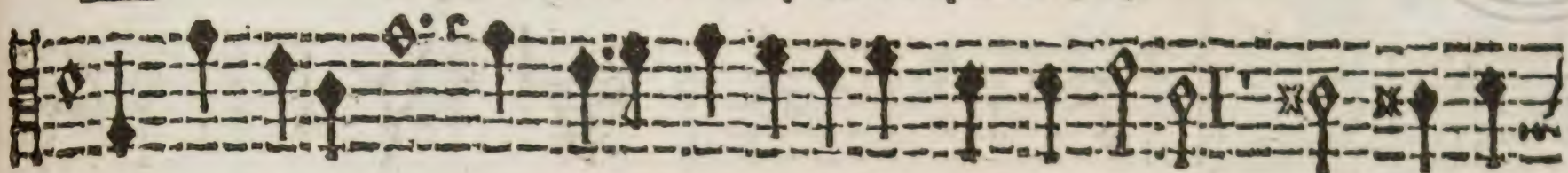
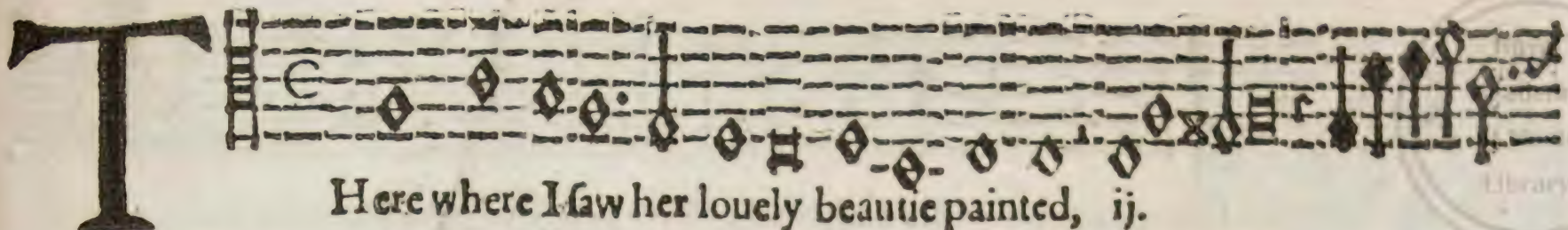


To meete, and there with ioy, and there with ioy,



ij.

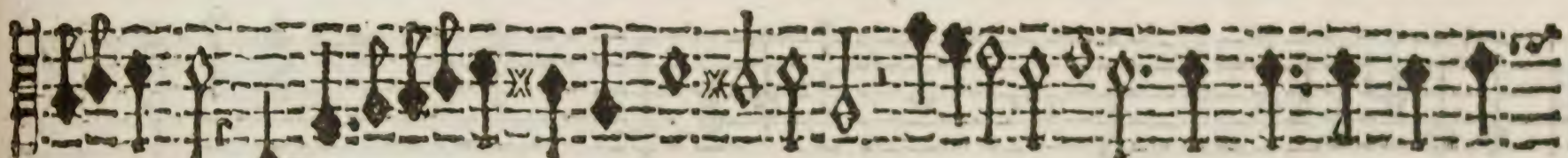
with ioy weele loue againe, a- gaine.



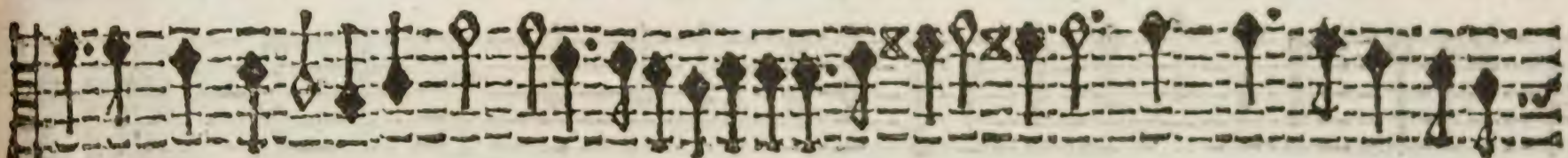
Where *Venus*-like, where *Venus*-like my sacred Goddesse shineth, There with pre-



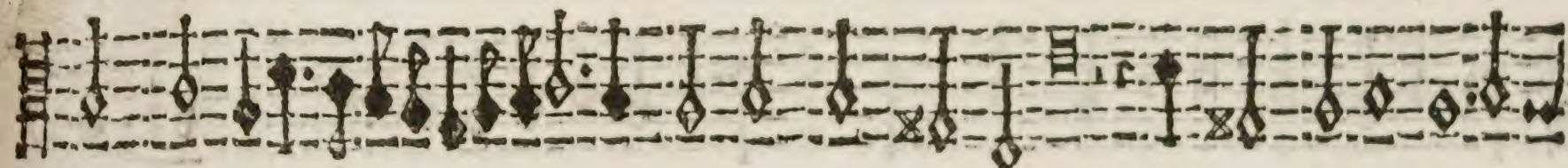
cel- lent object mine eies faint- ted, ij. That fair but



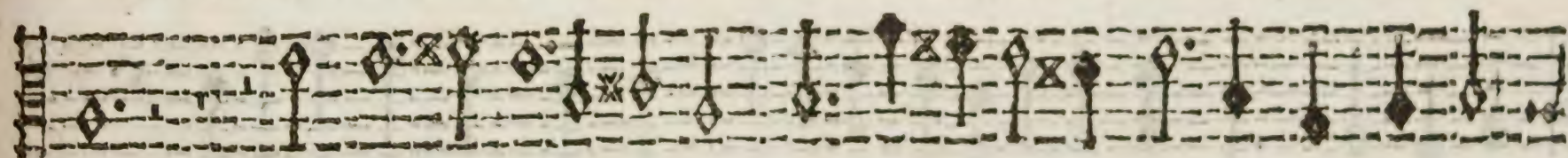
fa- tall star, ij. my dole deuineth, ij. As soone as morning



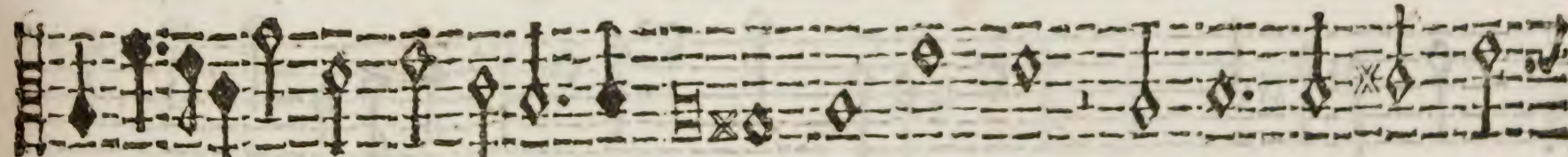
in her light appea- reth, ij. Her sweet salute my



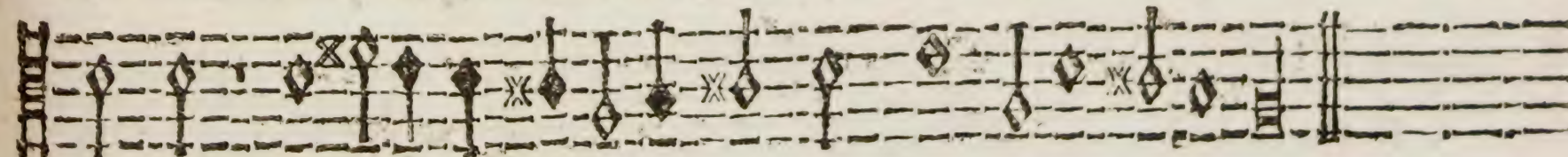
minde or e clou- ded cleareth, when night againe the dayes delight berea-



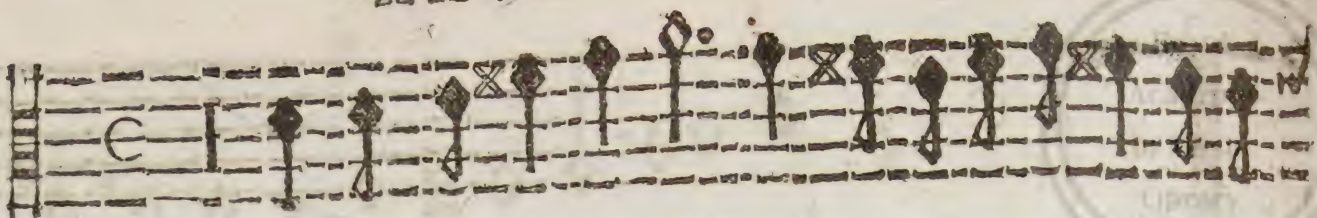
ueth, My harts true sacri- fice she quicke re- cei ueth, But night and day



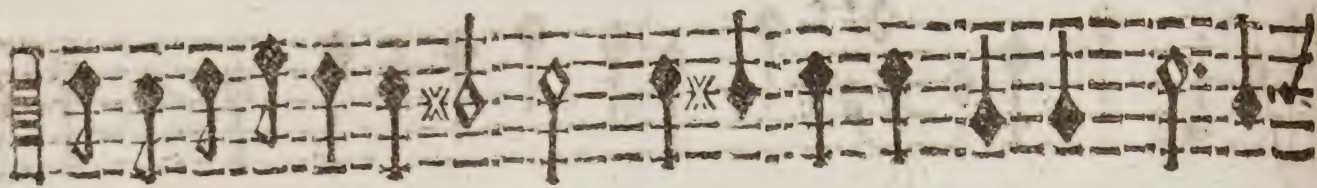
she craftily forsakes me, To tedious day to loathsome night, to loathsome night, be-



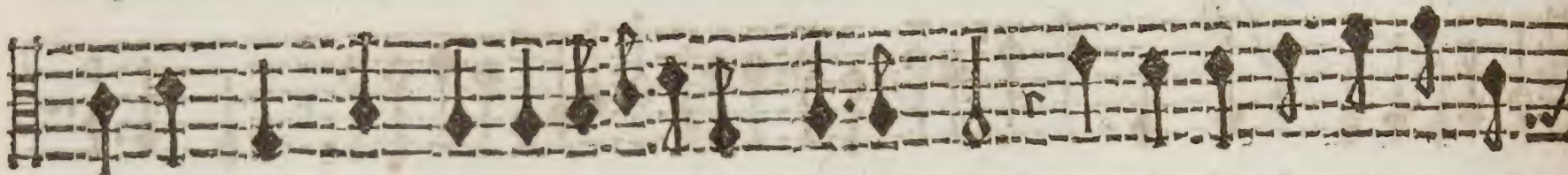
takes me. To te- di- ous day to loathsome night betakes me.



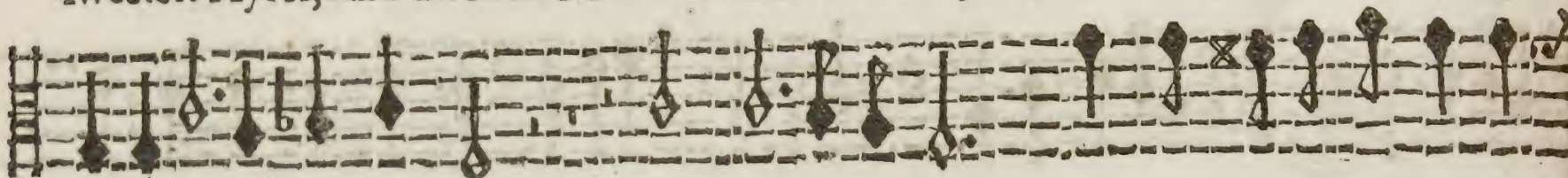
Be that doe liue in pleasures plen-



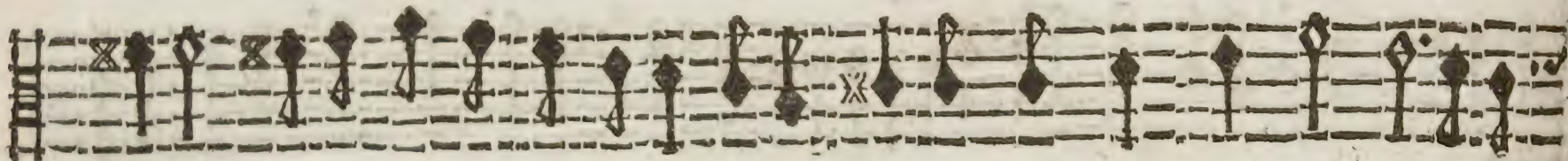
ty, And dwell in Musicks sweetest Ayres, in



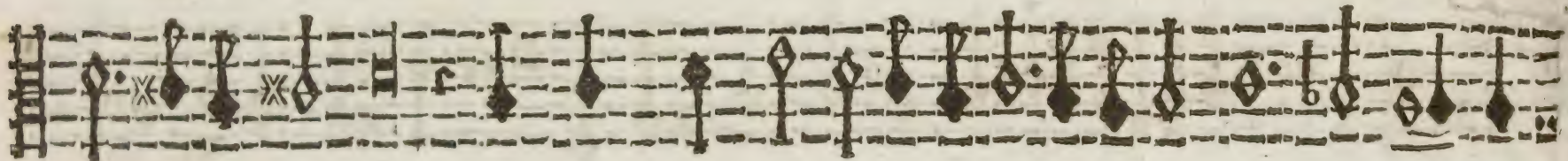
sweetest Ayres, And dwell in Mu- sicks sweetest Ayres, ij.



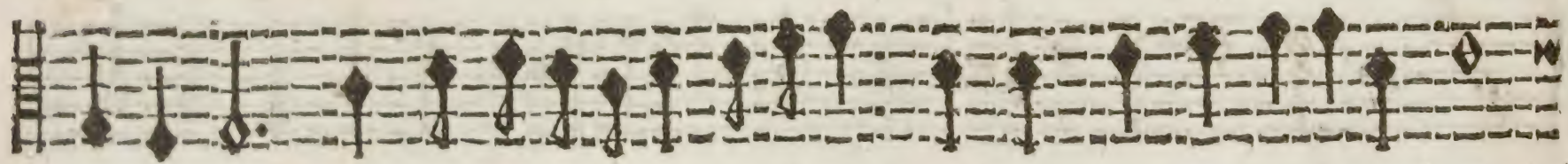
in sweetest Ayres, Whose eyes are quicke, Whose eares are



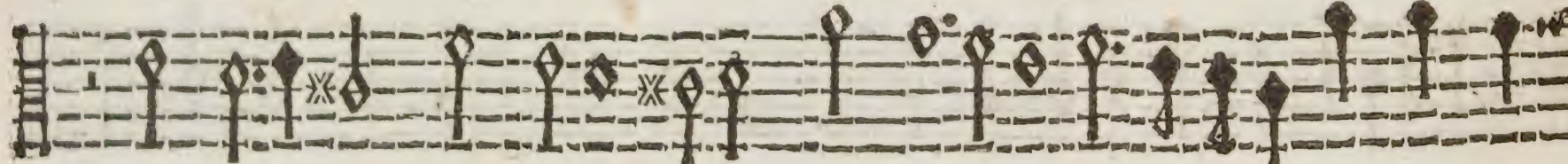
dainty, Whose eares are daintie, Not clogd with earth or



world- ly cares, Not clogd with earth or world- ly cares, with earth or



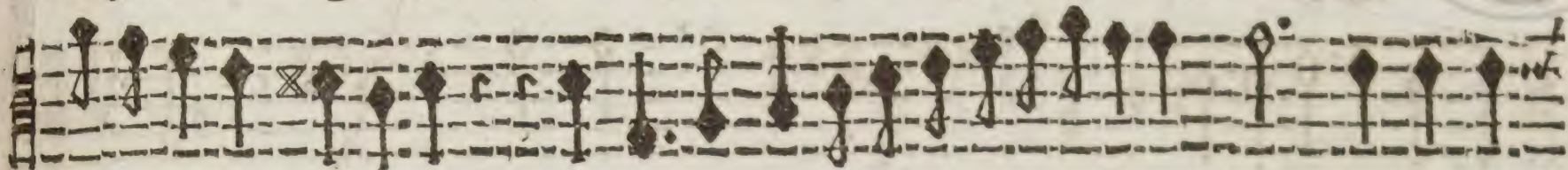
worldly cares, Come sing this song, this song, made in *Amphions* praise,



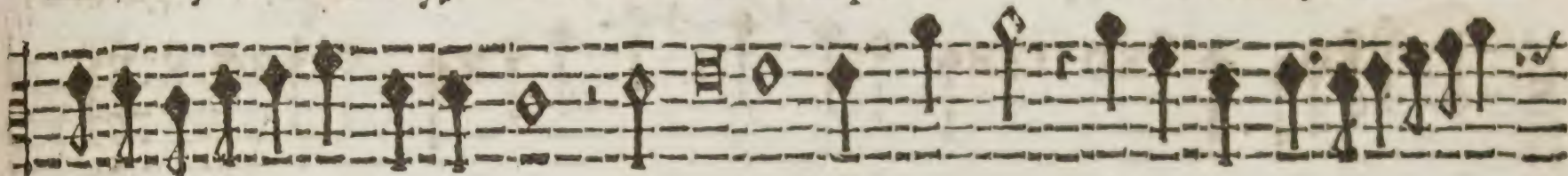
Who now is dead, Who now is dead, Who now is dead, yet you his Fame can



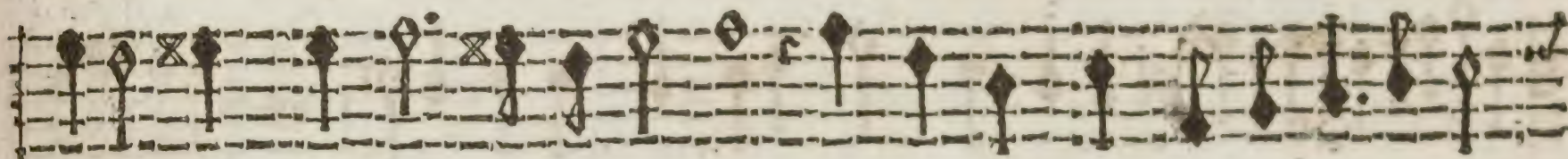
raise, Call him againe, let him not dye, But liue in Musicks sweetest breath, Place



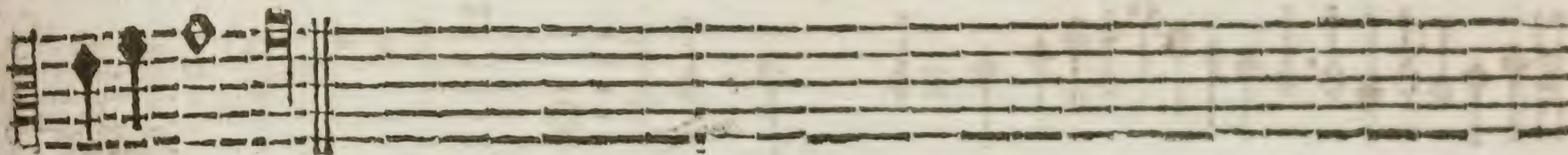
him in fayrest memory, And let him triumph o- uer death, And let him



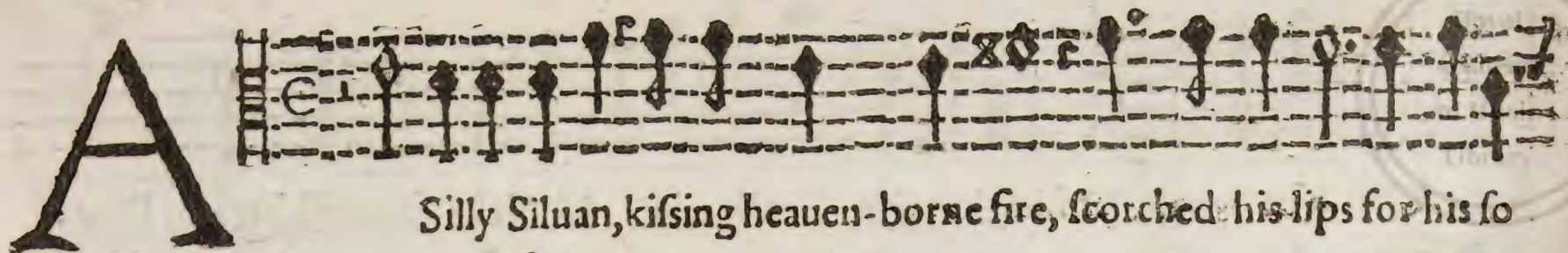
tri- umph ouer death, O sweetly sung (his wish) his liuing wish



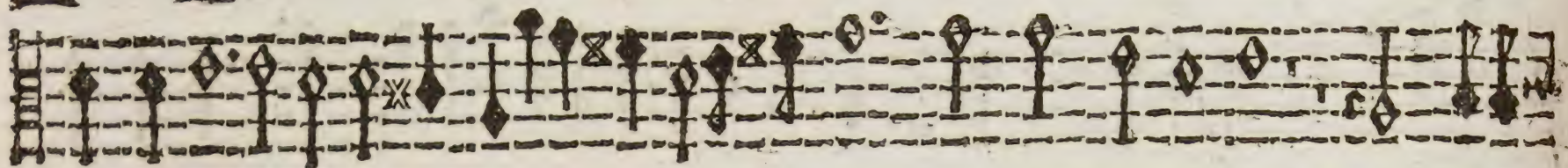
attend yee, These were his words, the mirth of heauen, ij.



God send yee.



Silly Siluan, kissing heauen-borne fire, scorched his lips for his so



fond desire: I not so fond, ij.

but

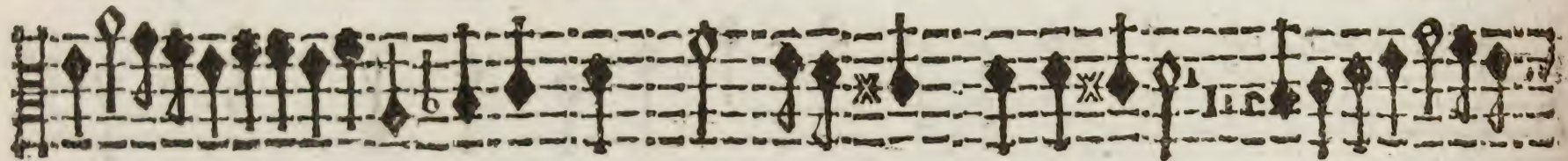
gaz'd whilst such fire burned, straight into



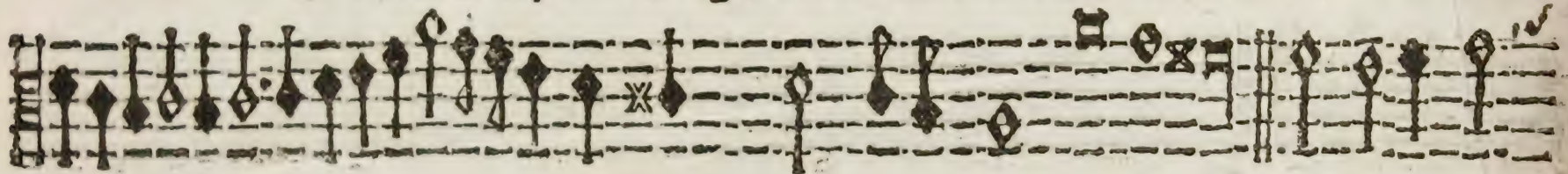
flames, ij.

was turned,

And all my hart straight into flames was tur- ned: ij.

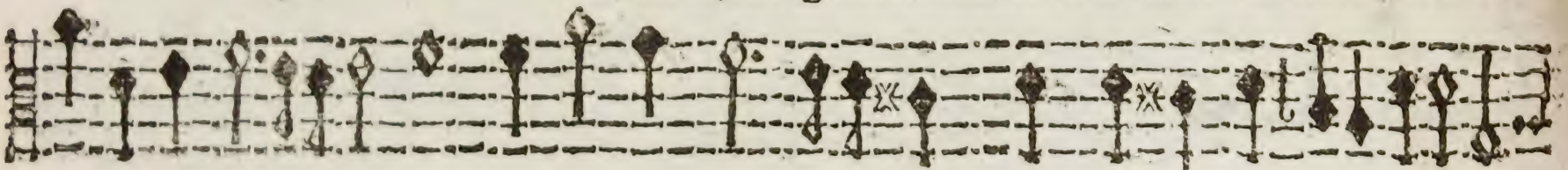


And all my hart straight into flames was tur- ned, ij.

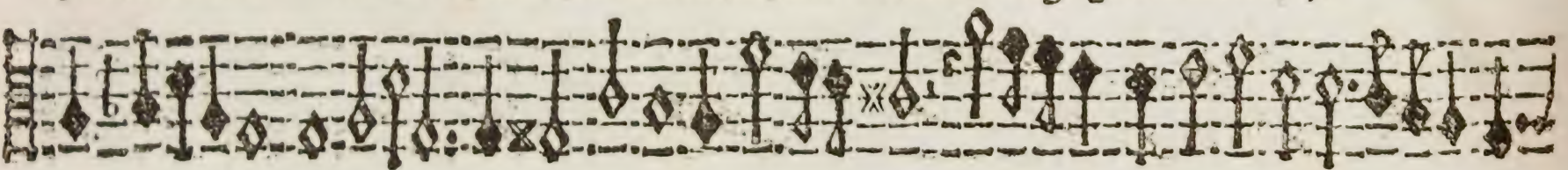


ij.

was turn'd, straight into flames was turned. The Siluan iust-

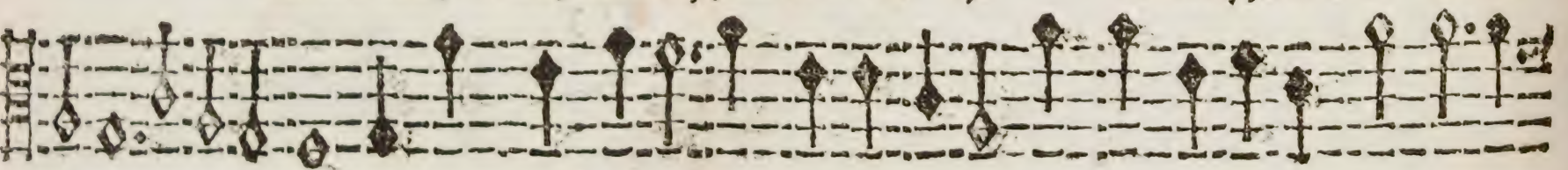


ly suffred for his kisse, His fire was stoln, and stolne things goe amisse, ij.

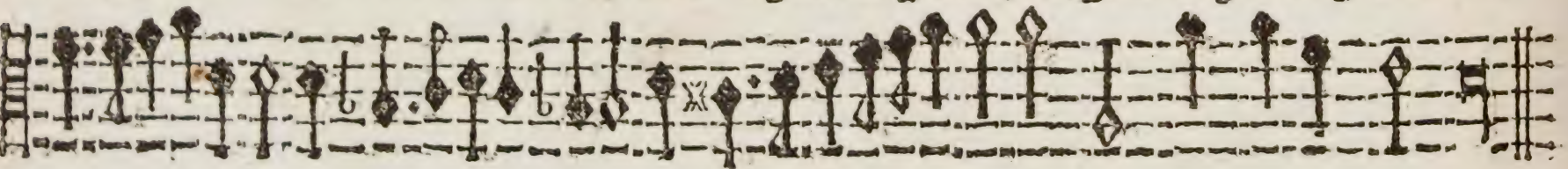


But I alas, a-las, vniustly, but I a-las ij.

vniustly, but I a-las vn-



iustly: for to haue her her heavenly fire the gods & graces, the gods & graces gaue her. ij.

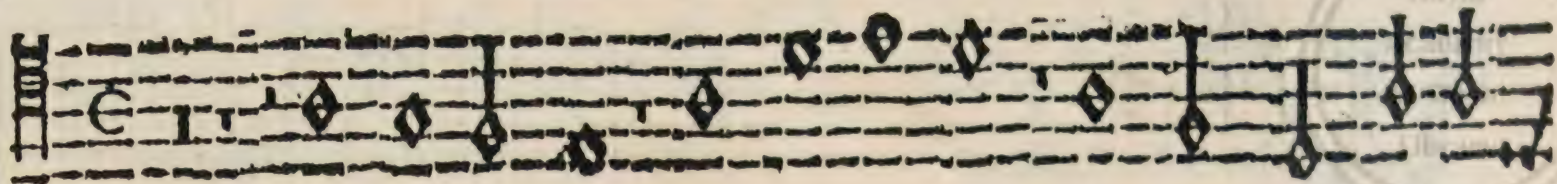


ij.

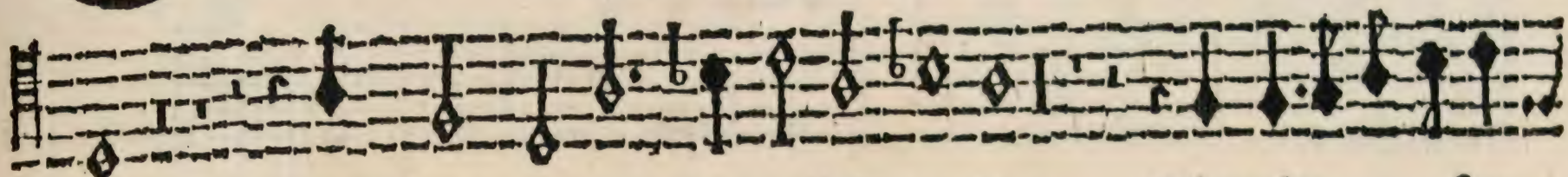
ij.

the gods and graces gaue her.

Here endeth the Songs of 5. parts.



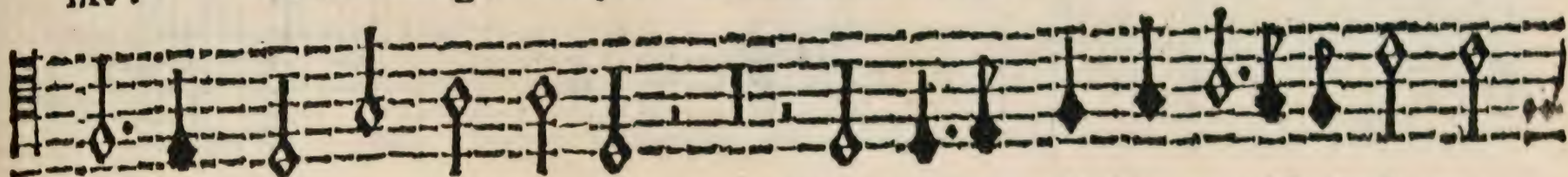
Wretched man, O wretched man, why lou'st thou ear..ly



life ?

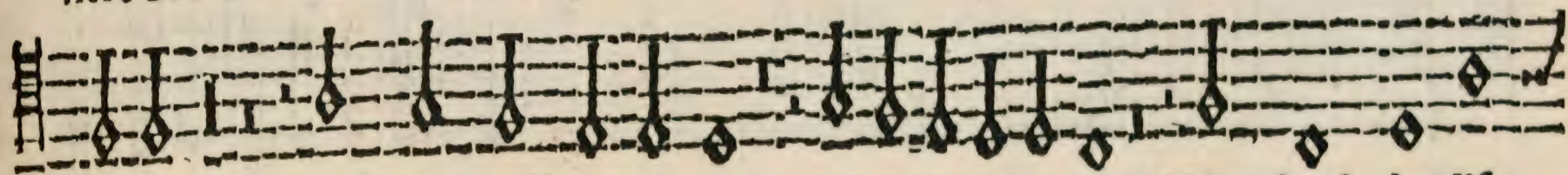
Which naught enioyes but endlesse trouble?

What plea- sure



here but breeds a world of griefe ?

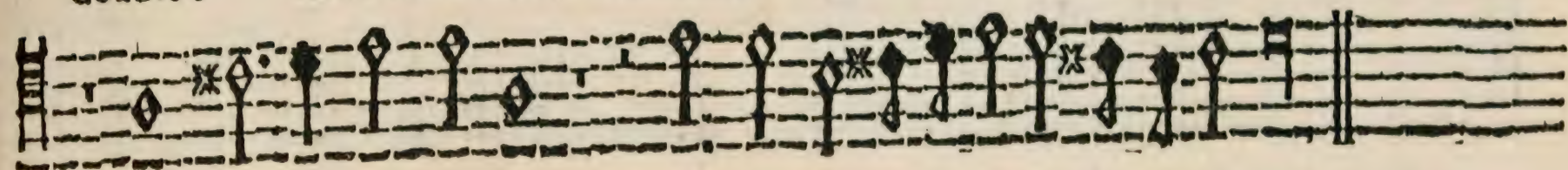
What howers ease that anguish doth not



double ?

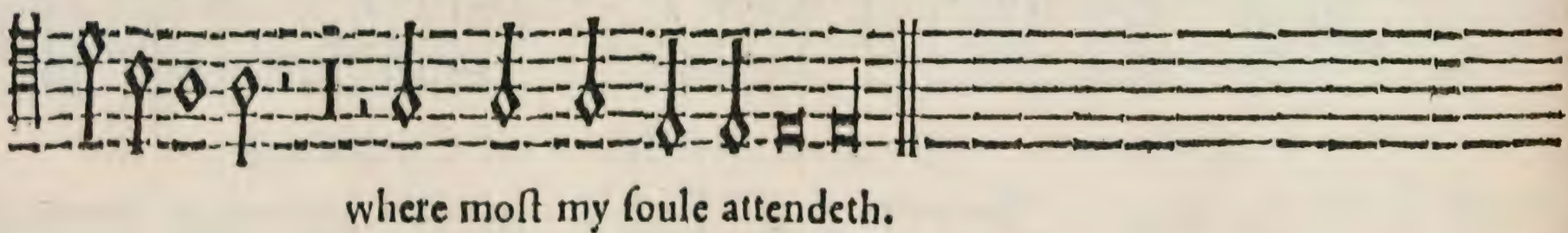
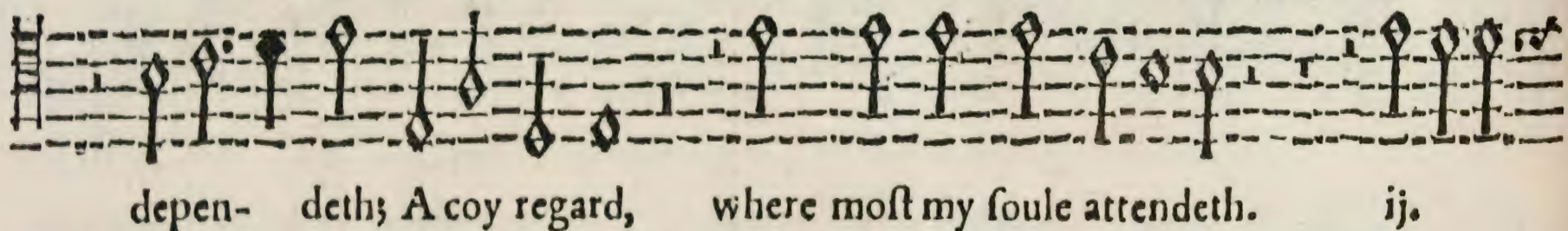
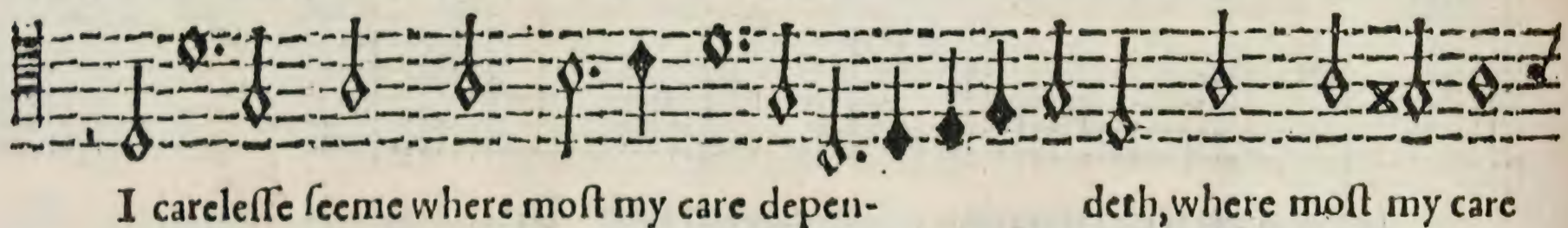
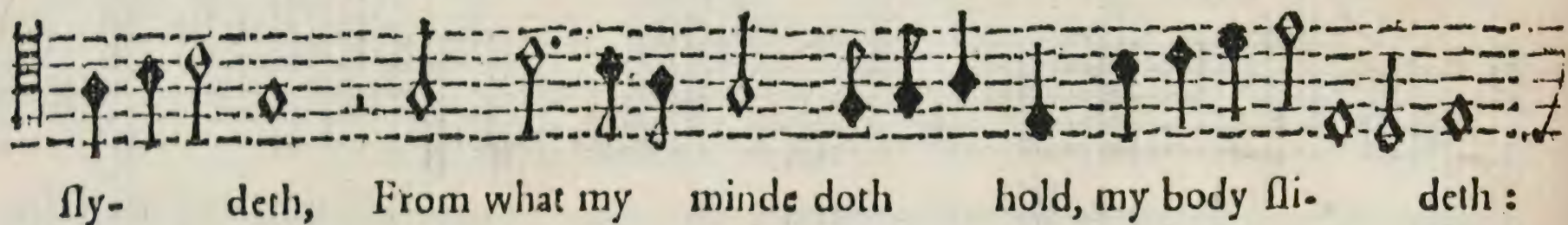
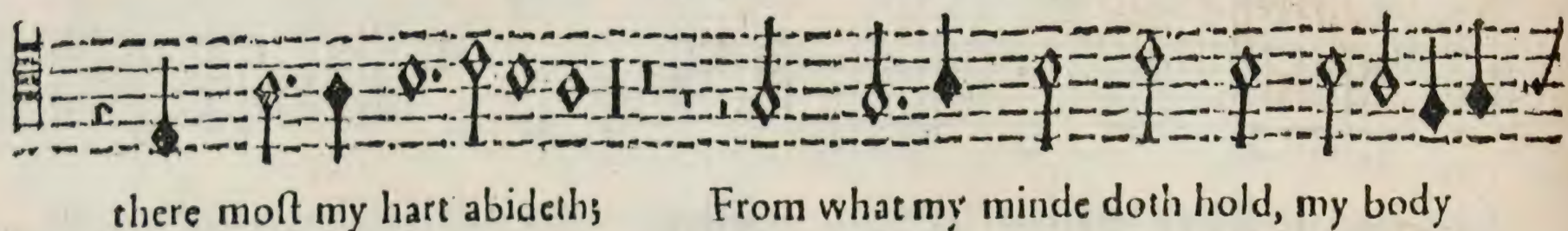
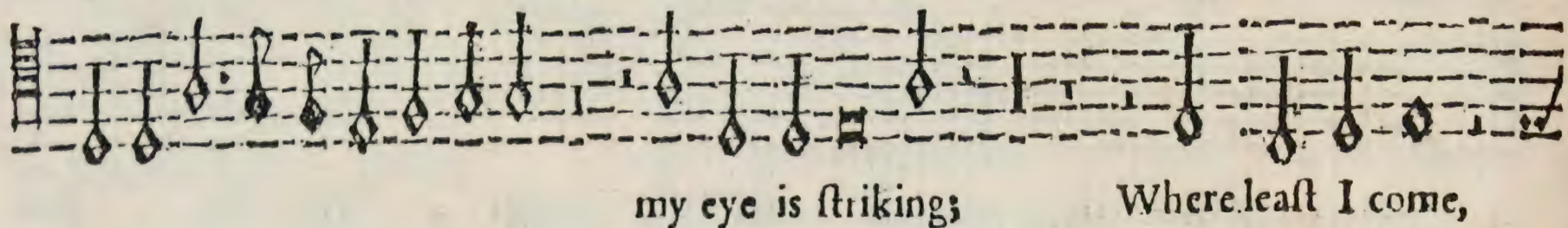
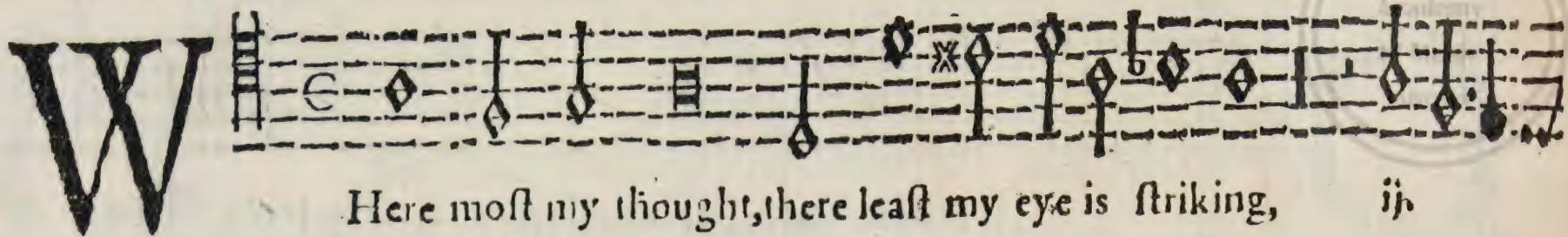
But haue their discontents ? ij.

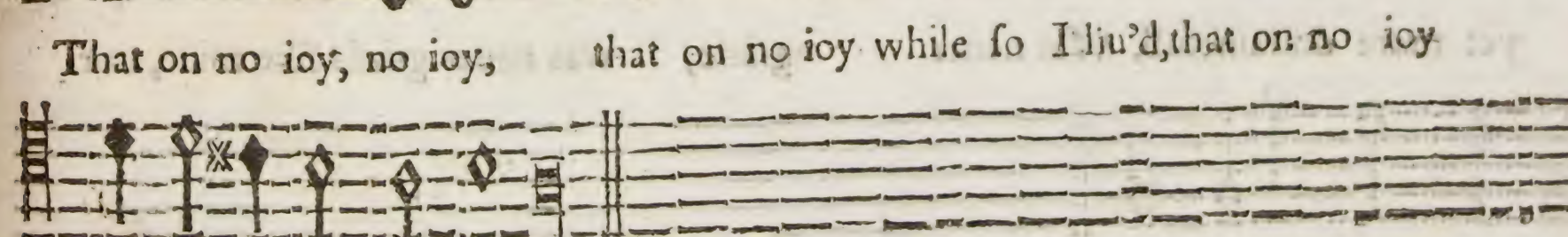
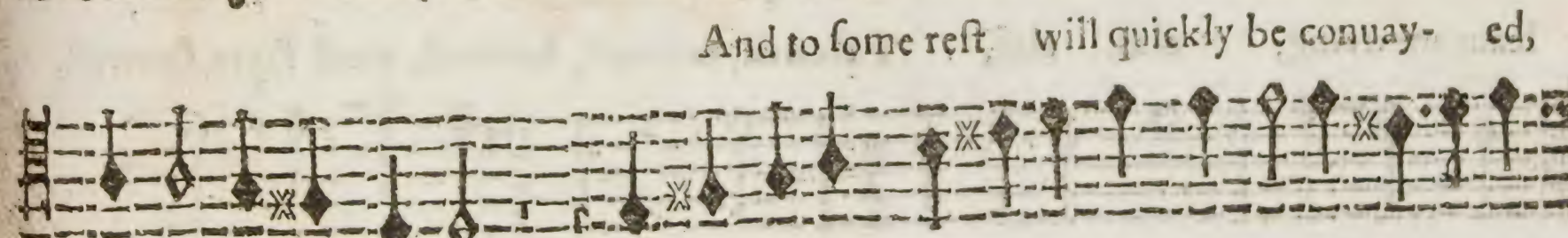
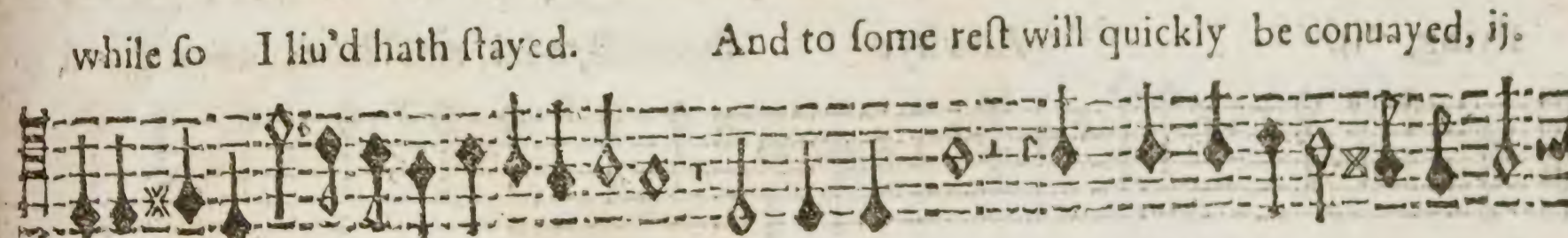
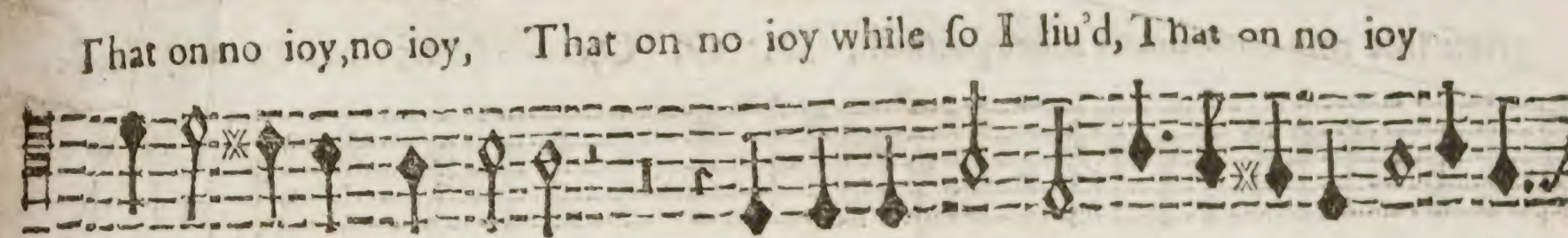
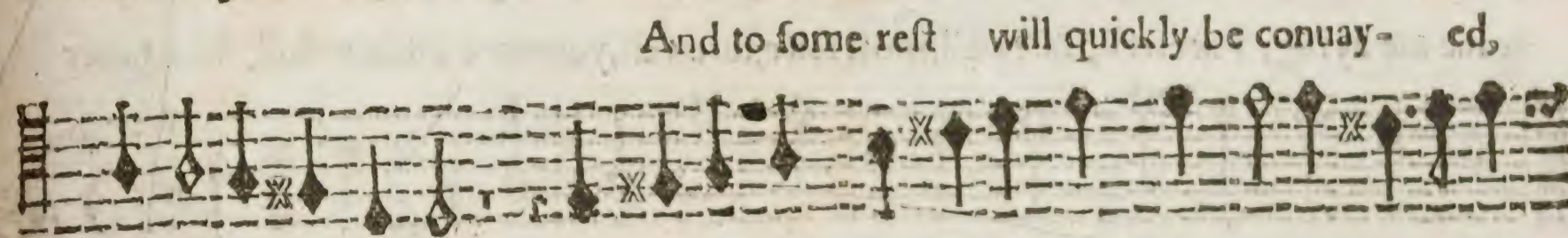
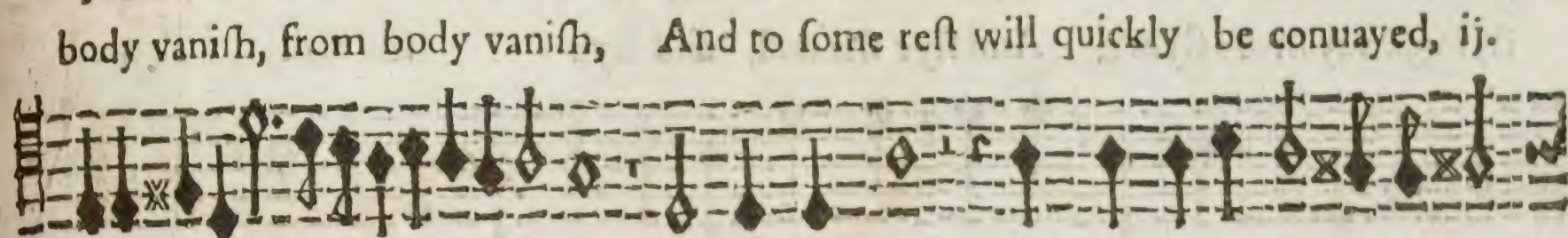
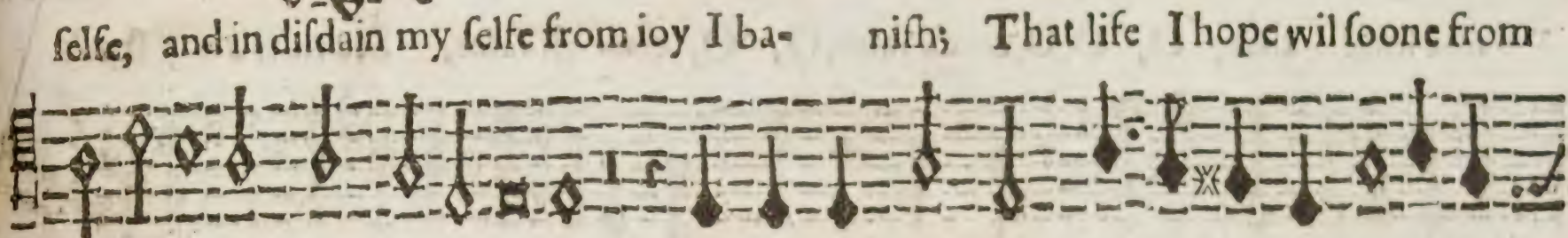
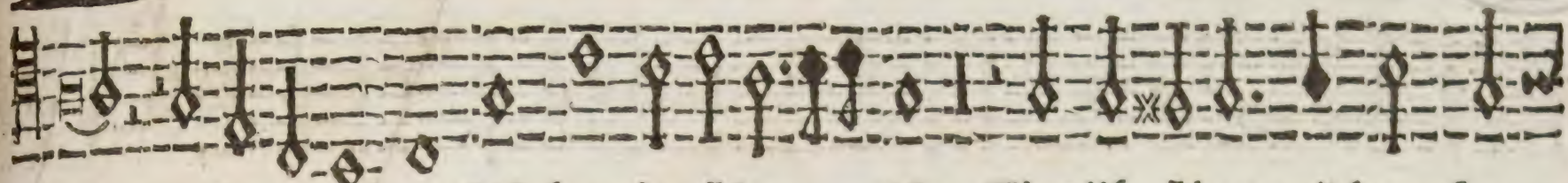
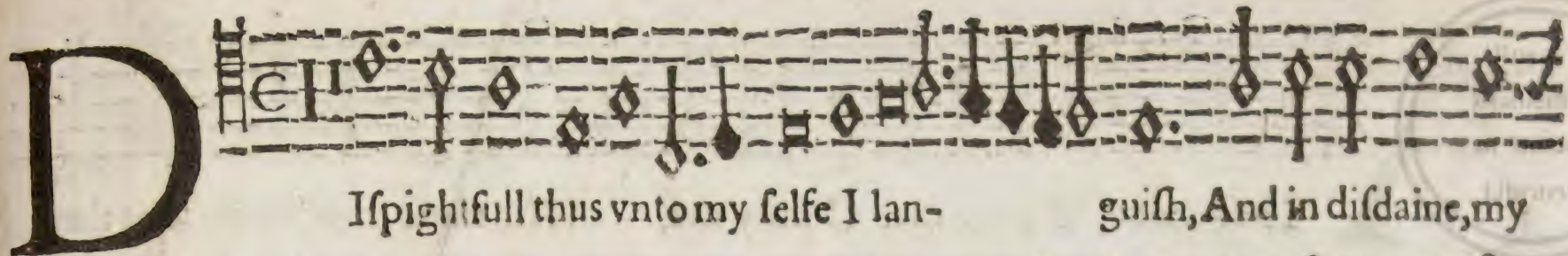
Then loath that life,



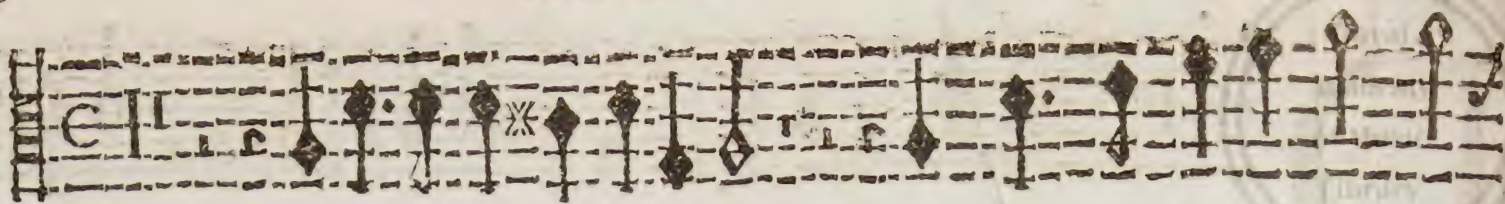
Which causeth such laments. which causeth such la-

ments.

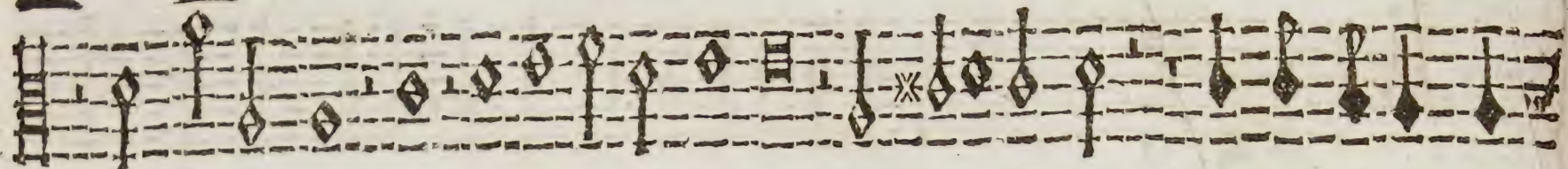




A



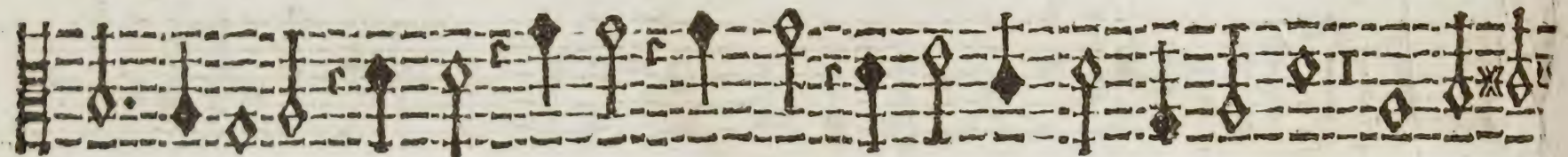
H cannot: O pittie me, O pittie me, Who more then life do loue thee,



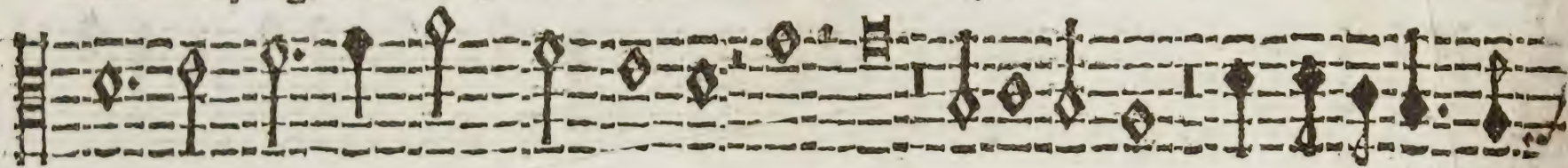
doe loue thee, O, O, O, cruell fates, O, O, cru- ell fates, See now away shee's



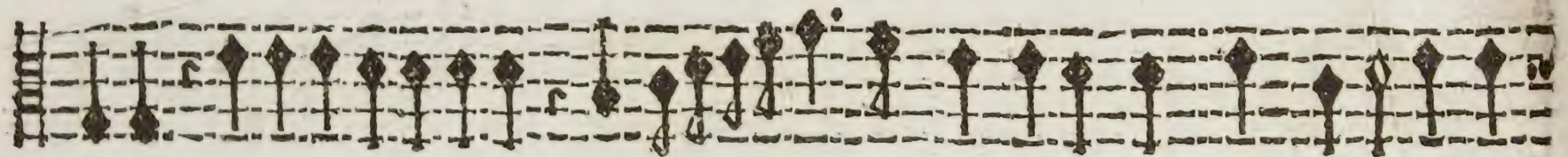
flying, away shee's flying, And flye she will, and flye she will alas, and



leau me dying, Farewell, farewell, most faire, farewell, yet more disdainfull, Was neuer



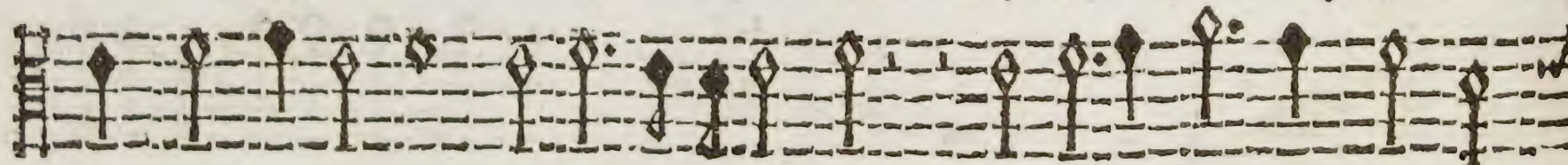
griefe like mine, nor death more painfull, O, O, O, cruell fates, See now away shee's



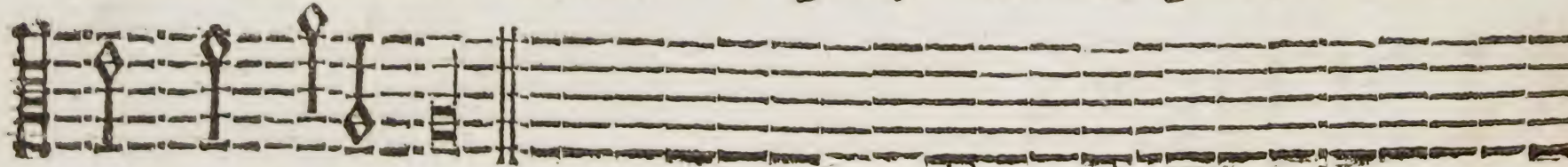
flying, ij. And flye shee will, a-las, and leau me dying, and



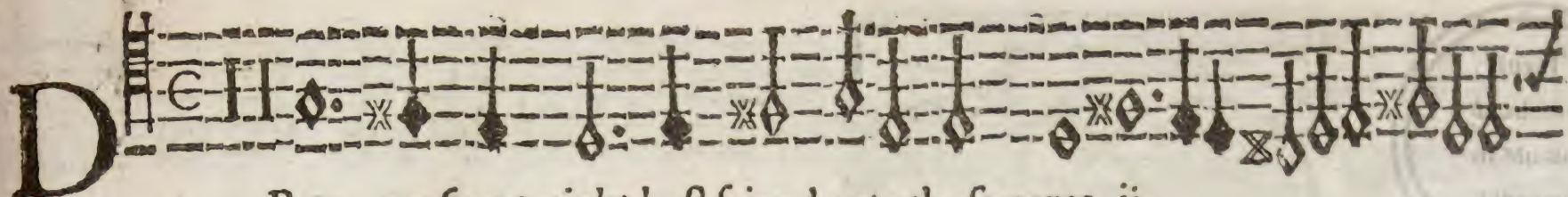
leau me dying, alas, alas, Farewell, farewell, farewell, most fayre, farewell,



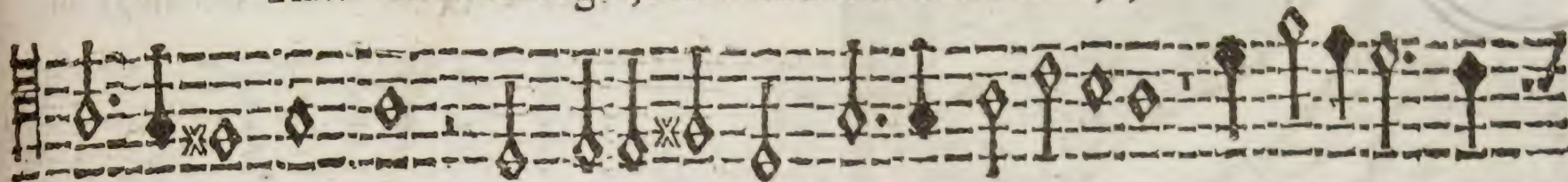
yet more disdainfull, Was neuer griefe, was neuer griefe like mine, nor



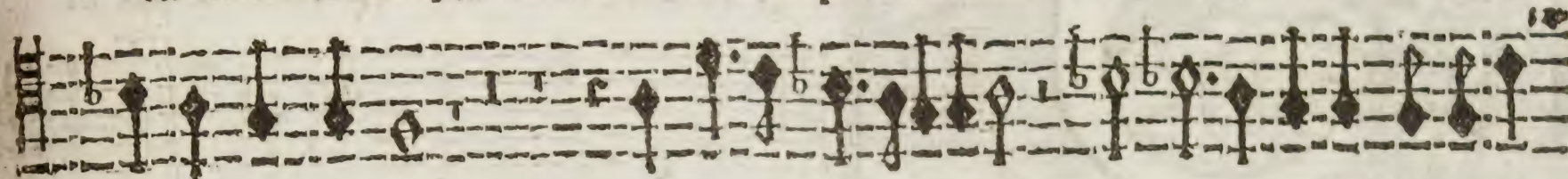
death more paine- full.



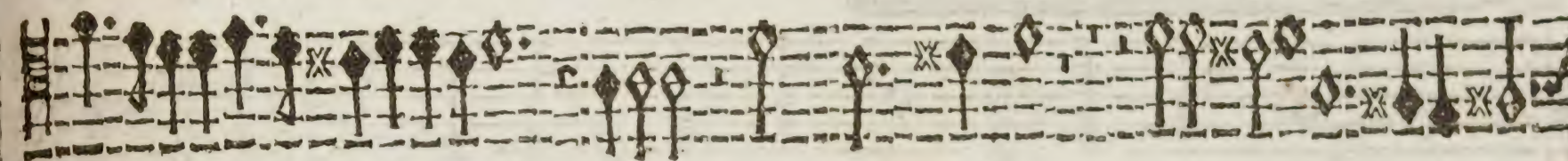
Draw on sweet night, best friend vnto those cares, ij.



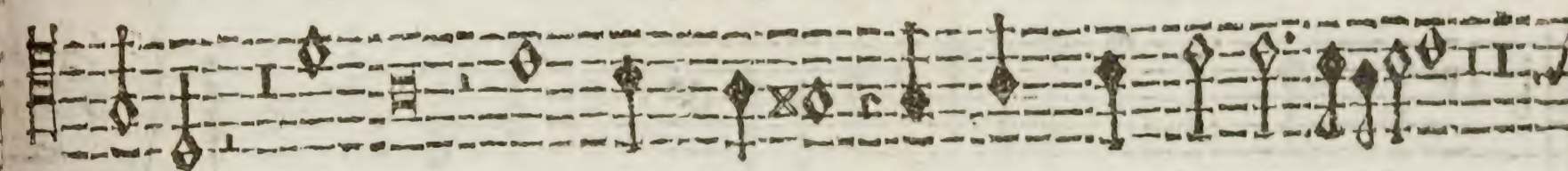
vn-to those cares, That doe a- rise from painfull melancholy, My life so ill through



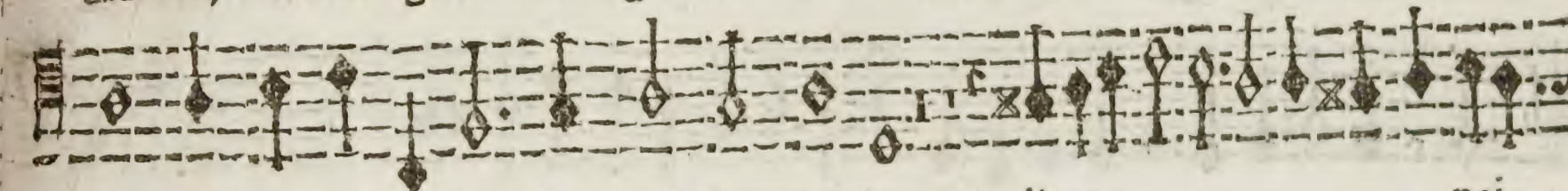
want of comfort fares, That vn-to thee, ij. I consecrate it wholly, ij.



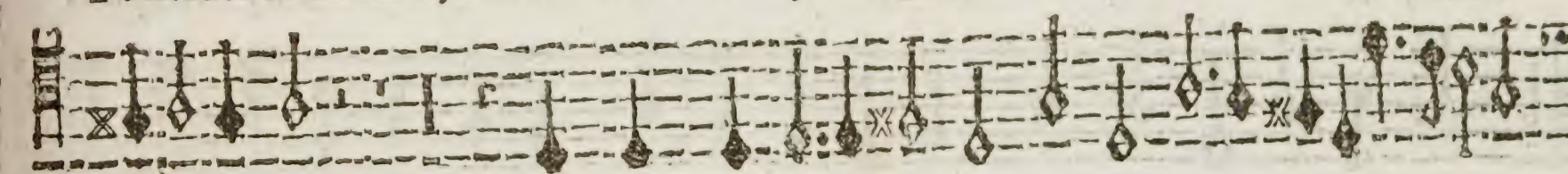
Sweet night draw on, ij. ij.



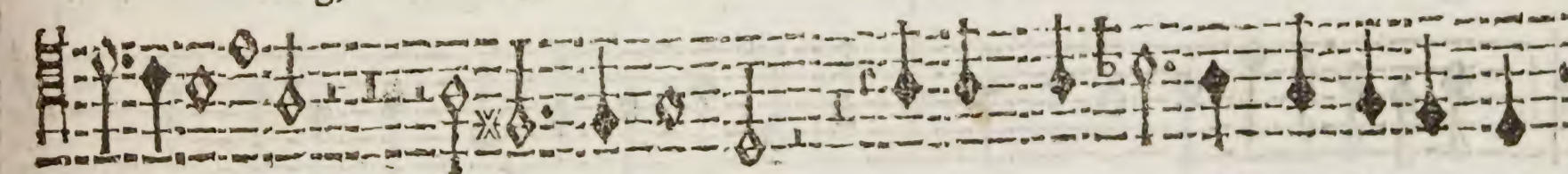
draw on, sweet night, sweet night draw on, my griefes when they be told.



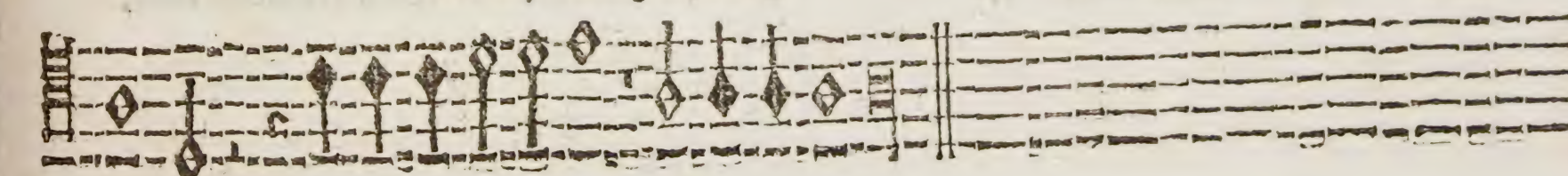
To shades & darknes, find some ease from paining, ij to pai-



ning, And when thou all in silence dost enfold, ij.



for my complayning. I then shall haue best time for my com-



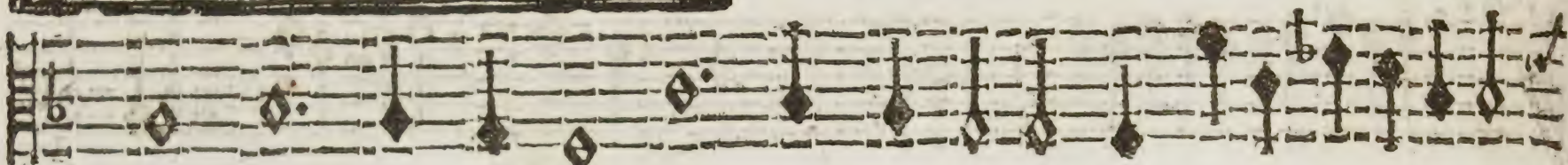
plaining. ij.

T A Y *Coridon* thou swaine, thou

swaine, talke not to soone of



dying, What though thy hart, thy hart be

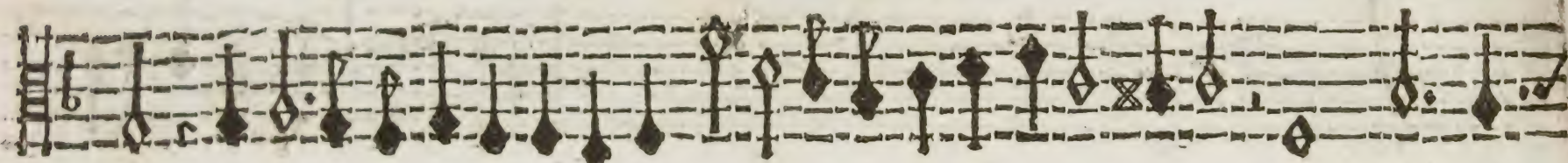


flaine? What though thy hart, What though thy hart be flaine? ij.



What though thy loue be fly-

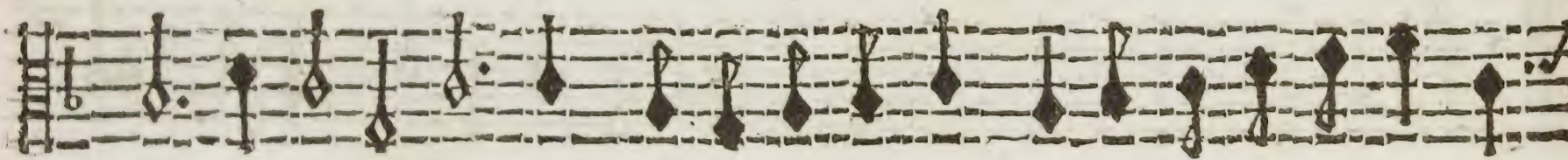
ing? She threatens thee but dares not



strike, ij.

ij.

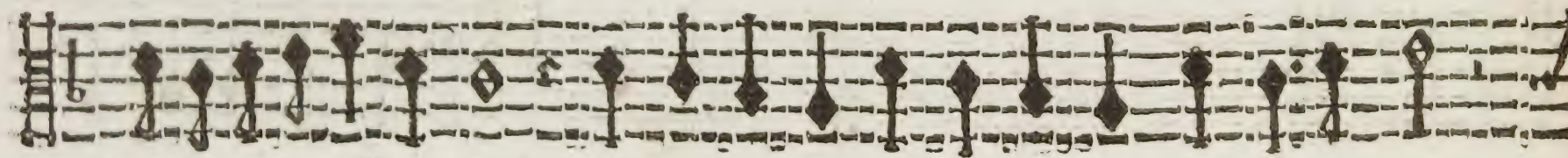
Thy Nymph is



light, and shadow like, Thy Nymph

is light,

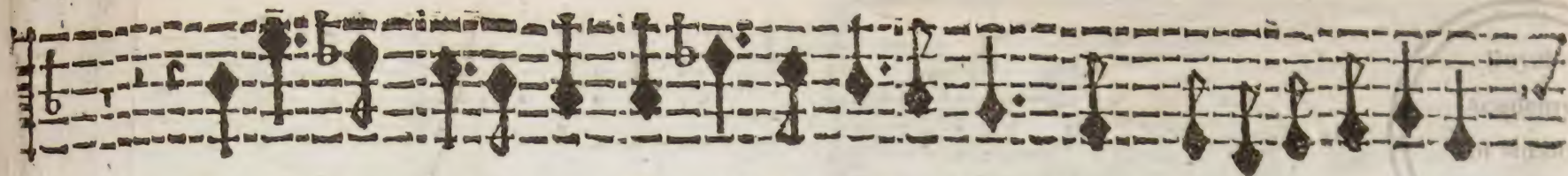
and



sha-

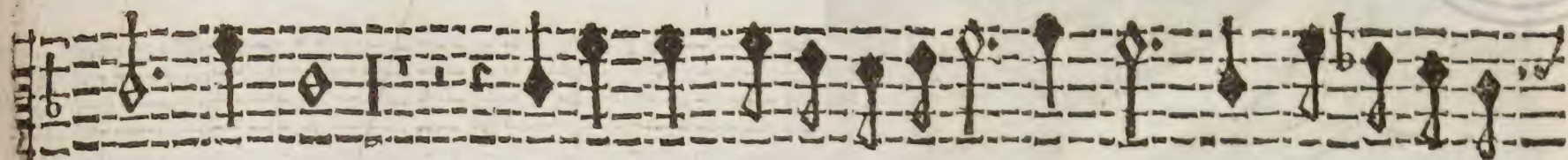
dow like, ij.

and shadow like,



For if thou follow her, For if thou follow her, Sheele flye

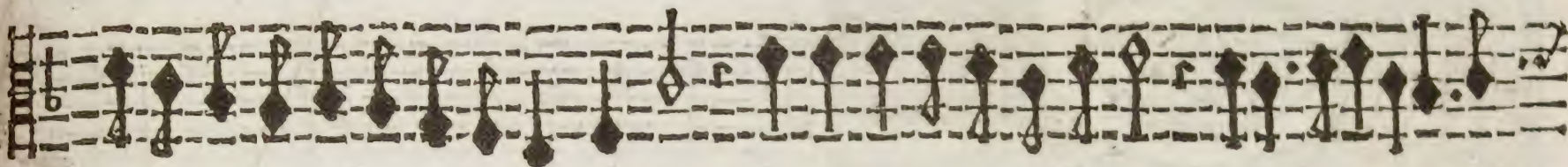
from



thee, from thee,

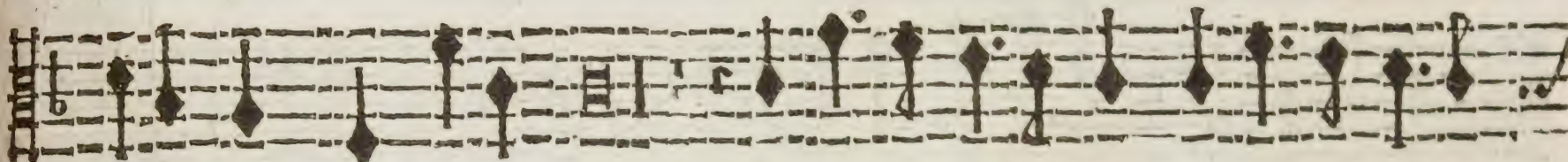
But if thou flye

from her, sheele fol-



low thee. ij.

sheele



follow thee. sheele follow thee.

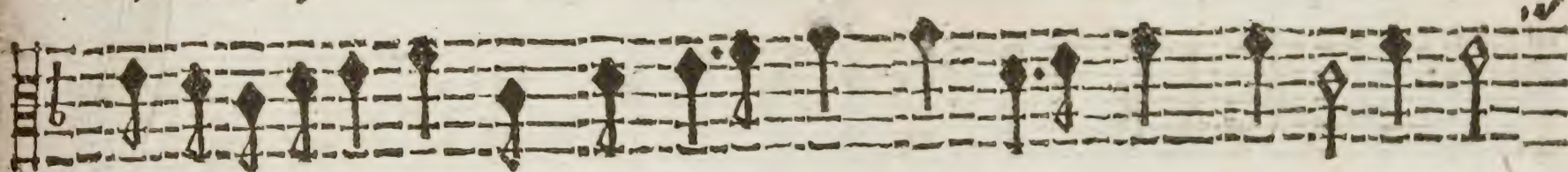
For if thou follow her, For if thou follow



her, sheele flye

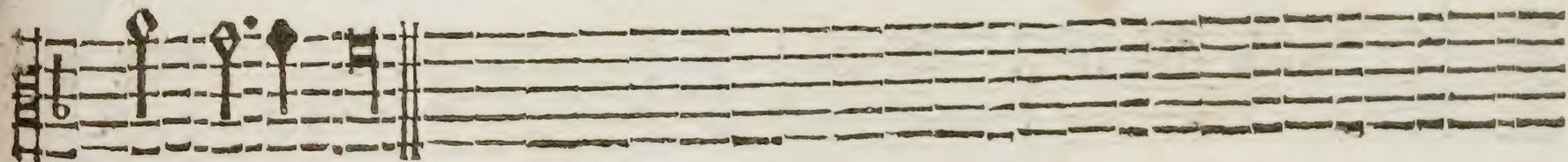
from thee, ij.

But if thou



flye

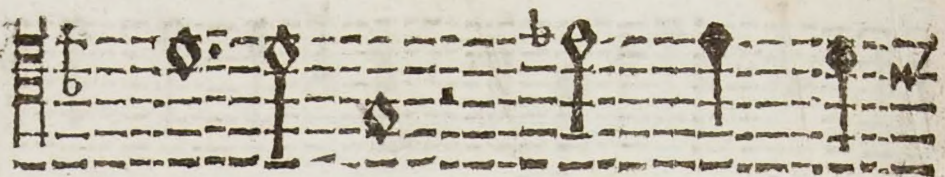
from her, sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee. sheele follow thee.



sheele follow thee.



Ofly, O softly: My hart with grieve to



melt and dye, Now powre out



teares a- pace, Now powre out



teares a- pace, ij.

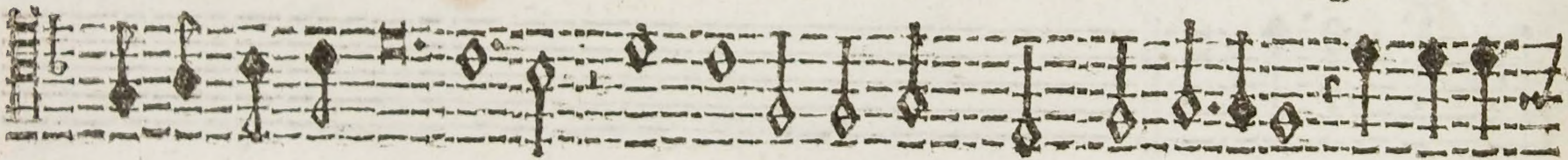
Now stay O heauy case,



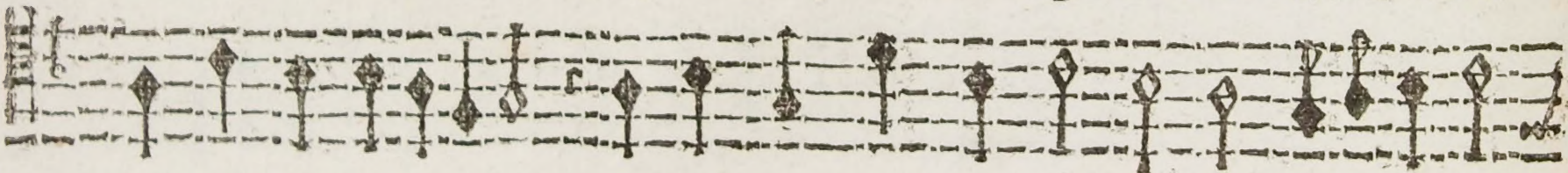
Can paynes, and ioyes, Can paynes, and ioyes at once, in



one poore hart consent? Then sigh and sing, reioyce, lament, Then sing



Aye me, Aye me, O passions strange and vi-olent, Was neuer



wretch so sore tormen- ted, Nor ioy, nor grieve, can make my hart con- ten-



red, Was neuer wretch so sore tormen- ted, Nor ioy nor grieffe, For



while with ioy I looke on hye, Downe, downe I fall, ij. with grieffe,



And while I rise, Downe, downe I fall, ij.

and while with ioy I looke on

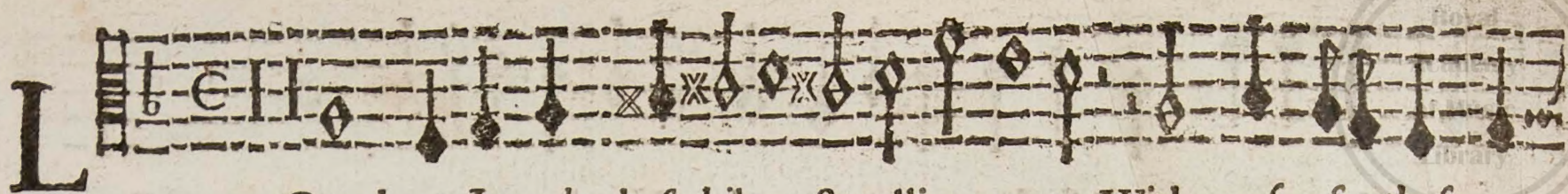


hye, I looke on hye, Downe, downe I fall, with grieffe, and dye. and dye. for



while with ioy I looke on hye, Downe, downe I fall and dye,

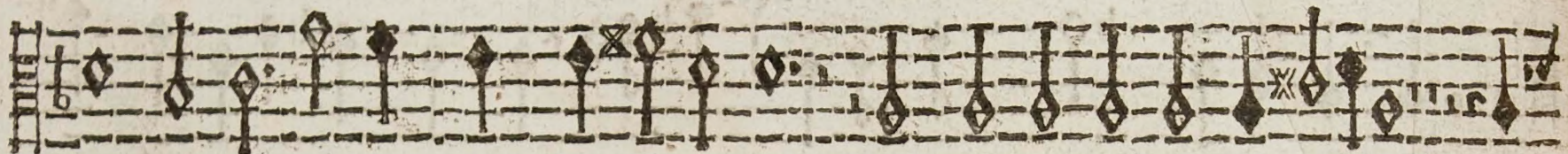




Ong haue I made these hils & vallies weary, With noyse of these my



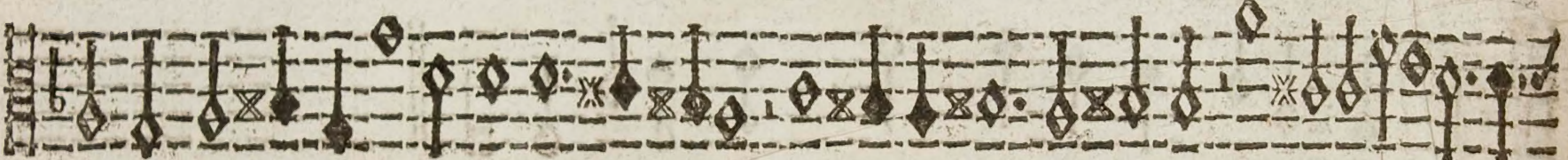
shrikes & cryes that fill the aire, with noyse of these my shrikes that fill the ayre,



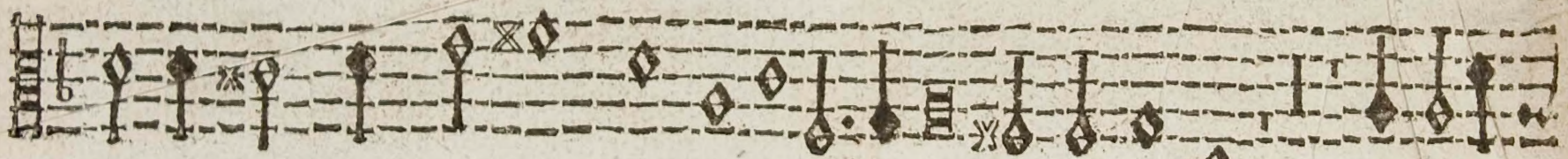
with noyse of these my shrikes that fill the ayre, heares not my prayer, That I alas, ij.



alas, misfortunes son & heyre, Hope in none other hope but in dispaire, O,



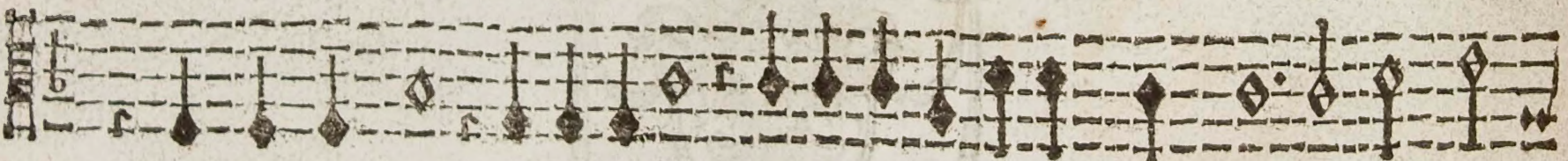
vnkind, and cruell, O, vnkind, ij. O vn- kind, & cruell, ij. if



thus my death may please thee, Then dye I will to ease thee, to ease thee, yet if I



dye, the world will thee controule, and write vpon my tombe, O sweet depar- ture,



loe here lyes one, ij. ij. (Alas poore foule) a true loues



Martyr. a true loues Mar- tyr. ij.

FINIS.

